

THE
GENTILE SINNER,
OR
England's Brave
GENTLEMAN

Character'd
In a Letter to a Friend:

Both
As he is, and as he should be.

By CLEM: ELLIS, M. A. Fellow
of Q^u. Coll. Oxon.

The Fourth Edition.

1 Cor. 1. 26. *Not many Noble are called.*

— Sanctus haberi
Iustitizque tenax, factis dictisque mereris
Agnosco procerem. *Juv. Sat. 6.*

OXFORD,

Printed by Henry Hall, for Edward and
John Forrest, 1668.

THE
GENTLE SINNER,
OR
England's Disciple
GENTLEMAN

Character'd
In a Letter to a Friend
Born

As he is, and as he should be
By CLEM. ELLIS, M. A.
of O. Coll. Oxon.
The Fourth Edition.

1 Cor. 1. 26. Not many Noble are called.

Agnes's prayer, Jno. 2. 16.
Infirmities, sickness, & other miseries
Sanctus spiritus

OXFORD.
Printed by Henry Hall, for Edward and
John Fench. 1668.

TO THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,
My Honoured Friends,

S^r PHILIP MUSGRAVE,
Knight and Baronet.

AND

S^r GEORGE BENNION, K^t.

The Author wishes all Good, Health, and
Honour here, and Happiness hereafter.

Right worshipful,



You who have been
so long a time cha-
racters both in the
same great Virtues,
and, for them, in the same great
Sufferings: be pleased too, to
share in this small tribute, for

A 2 which

The Epistle.

which have been long indebted to your Goodness. Your Names, I confess, are either of them too great to stand in the front of so inconsiderable a paper as this, wherewith I here present you; and might make a suitable Frontispiece to some far more excellent I fact. Whatever this be, which begs your Candid acceptance, it may perhaps need, but I fear it deserves not, I am sure it does not now come abroad to seek a Patron. The reason why I address it to you, is an ambition I have, to bring the world better acquainted with so great a part of its own Treasure: and to make it

it know, these obyesse all
these dreining times, I love such
Worthy persons as your selves;
whom even they, who are to a
Christian *soisism* enemies to the
present world, doe both love, &
honour. Were it my business to
seek out an instance of the genu-
ine, or a pattern whereby to cor-
rect the *spurious* & degenerate
Gentleman, I should despair to
fit my self better, then I may in
you: in whom, after so many kil-
ling afflictions, the World may
yet behold a true Religion, and
Loyalty surviving your fortunes.
I might well fear, should the
Reader know you as well as I,
his expectation by the view of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your prefixed Name, would be
raised too much above the con-
tents of the following Letter.
So therefore I shall no less out
of Charity to mine own Infi-
mites, then from a due Re-
verence to that known Modesty
which crowns your many o-
ther noted Vertues, forbear any
further to display your merits:
only this I would have the
World to know, and do beg
you to believe, that I shall ever
be industrious to manifest my
self,

Right Worshipful,

Yours

In all Christian Service,

G. E.

Your

A



To the R E A D E R

It is a Formality very much
in fashion of late amongst wri-
ters, to complement the Rea-
der, give him a view of his
following Entertainment, in
undergo Preface to every little Pamphlet.
Intend not to asser abroad this rude Letter
in a great State; neither will I play the
Gentleman so much, as to give you my Rea-
der with feigned Apologies for this Course
I have like to have taken. I am not without
some of those Common Sanctuaries, wherein
many Writers can phancie themselves so se-
cure from all Censure; but I dare not pre-
tend to those I have not, and those I have I
fleight Reader, the plain truth is, this Letter
is not now sent out, to prevent or decry any suc-
ception Copy, neither merely to satisfy
the importunity of my friends: Nor yet am
I willing so much to humane either thy curi-
osity, or the common Vanity, as to tell thee
what Inducements I had to this Publication:

If

To the Reader

~~If what thou shalt here read, neither concern
Thee nor me, I have but little to say.~~

Perhaps thou art one of those, who may read
their names and characters in the former
part of the following Letter; if so, it would be
time and pains ill lost to talk with thee at all.
If thou canst be so much the Master of thy
Passion, as to read thy self over, herein with
Patience, and without either Oath or Curse,
for the Paper or its Author: I shall begin to
hope there may yet be a possibility of a reason
to thy self & to thy God. Told then, what ever
canst thou hast to carp at the Book, or revile
the Author, I am bold to tell thee, I have much
more to fight thy Speeches, and pity thy
Folly. I value as little thy Censure, as I have
reason to envy thy conversation. I dread as
much thine Applause, as I scorn thy Despi-
se: and this I do no less then I abhor thy
life, or pay for thy Conversion.

When thou art willing to understand what
may do thee good, it will be seasonable for
me to say more, and tell thee, that if thou
wouldest be a Gentleman, there is a Book
extant, which for that End, well deserves thy
Study, and thy Practice. At present it is too
noble a Jewell to be thrown to such a Swine.

If

To the Reader

If the Courtesie and civility which Dicted here
offereth may beget in thee (I thought by pre-
cising it) a liking to this far richer Dis-
course will be enough for my satisfaction, yet it
know too weak for my hopes. It is a
Theosophy, See also piece of Impassible
Truth, and unparallel'd Ingenuity, of most
Copious Reason, and Informing Rhetoric,
of most sage Advice, and Religious Instru-
ction, which abundantly commends it self to
the serious perusal, and its Author (were not
his strange Modesty in much of an Enemy in
Conceding his Name, unto Piety and Inge-
nuity and Friends, in discovering his worth)
to thy intimate acquaintance. I beseech for its
Title, what thou by thy Practise shewest to
prove a Contradiction, THE GENTLEMANS
CALLING. This Booke would certainly
teach thee to be, didst thou not think thy self
too wise to learn, all that becometh a Christian
Gentleman: as another Practical piece which
for its Excellency is rationally supposed the
work of the same Pious and Ingenious hand,
would make thee, if used aright, a Christian
Man: I mean that Booke, the Title whereof
speaks much, yet no more, than the Contents
do verifie, THE WHOLE DUTY OF
A MAN.

To the Reader

W^hat I have shew'd soberly, and publicly
them constantly, and, though thou hast this
paper, thou shalt not be perswaded that I would
shinke, as a Man, a Gentleman, or a Chris-
tian. But if do some, or when of thy M^o-
oods, thou shalt rage & foam against what
here I sent thee, play the Critick upon it
midst thy Dogs, or make it thy sport, and
woment amongst those who cannot shak their
selves men, nor can they be Frolick and Jollye
the Paper may suffer, and thou mayst spee in
my face, but know, I have a Christian name,
thou canst not stain, and a Charitable In-
tention, thou canst as little viiure, as thou
hast hitherto deserved it.

But if (Sir) you be one of those brave Souls,
whose Merits are above their Names; whose
Honours are not dumb Idols, neither their
Vertues Shadows; and yet vouchsafe to cast
an eye upon this flat and unstudy'd piece of
meer Obedience: Your Candor will save me
the customary Ceremony of a long Apology;
seeing I am assured you can sooner pardon an
Hundred faults, then the other find one; your
Goodness by a constant practise of all vertues
being as much augmented, as his Judgment
by an Endlesse succession of most sottish deban-
cherie is daily Impaired.

Who

To the Reader

Who seest thou here, who shewest his name
 In this paper, let it suffice you that now I shew
 but a Letter, which I have imperfectly written
 in Portnight's labour. It had been much more
 so far abroad, had not better eyes than mine
 there directed it forth. To be best, mine is, I am
 sure, I regard not, Frowns, I fear not, Criti-
 cismes, I smile at, and Derision I laugh at.
 The Seile (as mine) is rough: I had rather be
 cold of it, then lose so much time as to smooth
 it: all my things are Blunt and Plain, as my
 Humour, often to prefer a plain truth, before
 a witty Phancy. The Phrase is making place
 is rare, and provoking; I hope it will appeare
 in all my works, that I study not to please,
 but profit. Reader, Call me what thou wilt,
 Stoick, or Fool, or Clown, or Madman, I am
 willing, with all my heart, to suffer for all of
 the seven reform'd Sinners. If in any place thou
 think'st I deale uncivilly with thee, give me
 leave to aske thee - where? If in the former
 part, What business hadst thou there? Either
 thou art indeed a man there described; and
 then why art thou angry that I say the truth?
 Or else thou art one of the Better sort, who
 thee then in thine own place. & I am confident
 I shall do thee right. Art thou the true Gen-
 tleman?

To the Reader.

element thou canst not so far mistake thy self,
as to think the Characters of the Falſe will
be more true than the Falſe. Thine own Con-
feſſion quies me of the Scandall: And I hope
thou wilt here find thy ſelfe ſo much in thine
own colours, that thou wilt be ſo farre out of
love with thy ſelfe, as to know the leaſt com-
mendation of thee could be no leſe than a flate-
ry. If this little labour of mine may do thee
good, it is therefore worthy of thine accept-
tance; and I bid thee heartily welcome: If
thou ſettling him in it worth the reading, at
thy freedom; I may loſe my labour, whether
thou not I ſhall ever loſe my Charity.

Inſtead of a longer Preface, I commend to
thy reading the words of a Reverend Do-
ctor, whoſe exemplary Piety, Learning, Judg-
ment, Moderation, are ſufficiently knowne to
the greateſt part of our Engliſh Nation.

Dr SANDERSON in his Sermon
on the 1. Cor. 7. 24.

As for our (meer or parcel) Gallants, who live in
no ſettled conſe of life; but ſpend half the day in
ſleeping, half the night in gaming, and the reſt of their
time in other pleaſures & vanities, to as little purpoſe
as they can deviſe; as if they were born for nothing
eſſe but to eat and drink, and ſnort and ſport; who

To the Reader

are spruce and trim as the *Lillies* (*Salomon* shall his
Royalty wear not cloath'd like one of these;) yet they
neither sow, nor reap, nor carry into *Basin* they nei-
ther labour, nor spin, nor do anything else for the
good of humane society: Yet thou know, there is
not the poorest *Contemptible* *Quadrant* that crept
Oysters and *Raid* stuff in the streets, but deserveth
his bread better than they; and his course of life
is of better esteem with God, and every sober wife
man, than theirs. A *Horse*, that is neither good for
the way, nor the cart, nor the race, nor the wars, nor
any other service, let him be of never so good a
breed, never so well marked and shaped; yet he is
but a *Fade*: his Master setteth no store by him,
thinketh his meat ill bestowed on him; every man
will say, better knock him on the head than keep
him; his skin, though not much worth, is yet bet-
ter worth then the whole beast besides.

Consider thou, you that are of *Noble* and *Generous*
birth. Look into the *Rock*, whence you are digged.
Search your *Pedigrees*; Collect the *Scatter'd* *Ar-
naments* and *Histories* of your *Ancestors*: and ob-
serve by what steps your worthy *Progenitors* raised
their houses to the height of *Gentry* and *Nobility*.
Scarce shall you find a man of them, that gave any
accession, or brought any eminency to his house;
but either serving in the *Camp*, or sweating at the
Bar, or waiting at the *Court*, or adventuring on the
Sea, or trucking in his *Shop*, or some other way im-
dustry bestirring himself in some useful calling,
and Course of life. You usurp their *Arms*, if you
inherit not their *Virtues*, and those *Ensigns* of Ho-
nour and *Gentry* which they by industry achieved,
fit

To the Reader

At no otherwise upon your shoulders, then as rich
 wrappings upon Asse backs, which serve but to render
 the poor beast more ridiculous. If, you by British
 sensuality, and spending your time in swinish luxu-
 ry, stain the colour, and embase the mettals of those
 badges of your Gentry and Nobility, which you claim
 by descent: I think, when we worship or honour you,
 we do but flout you; and know, the titles we in
 Courtesy give you, we bestow upon their memory,
 whose degenerate offspring you are. & whose Arms
 you unworthily bear; and they do no more belong to
 you, then the reverence the good man did to his
 belonging to the Asse that carry'd her Images.

But a Yoke; his Master taught us how to ride
 and thinketh his meat ill bestowed on him; every man
 will say, better taught than we, the Asse than keep
 him; his spirit, though not much worth, is yet bet-
 ter worth then the whole pack of Asse.



I wish your Patience could the scatter'd
 words and Hopes of your Asse; and
 I wish by that hope you would be
 their houses to the Asse of Gentry and Nobility.
 I wish you find a way of them, that give any
 occasion or prospect any competency to his house;
 but either leaving in the Land, or leaving in the



and Court of life. You shall find
 that it is not their Asse, and I wish to see
 your Asse which they by industry receive.

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THE



THE
GENTILE SINNER,
OR,

England's Brave Gentleman.

Honoured Sir,



I am very much indebted to
Your most obliged Goodness,
for that great and undeter-
red Freedom, you were plea-
sed to allow mee in our last
Discourse: And I am so Con-

fident to meet with the same Goodnesse still,
that I shall not fear to expresse as great a
Boldnesse in the following lines.

With Gentlemen, I very much love to
be talking of Gentlemen, with him that is
a Gentleman indeed, that in his language
(for in better, I am sure, I cannot) I may
learne how to shame his Counterfeit; and
with him too, who has no more then the

P.B. 35.

bare

ba.

bare *Name*, that I may thereby get an opportunity of proposing to him something better then *himselfe*, as a fit object of his *Love* and *Imitation*. I confesse I am often apt, more then well becomes me, in the presence of *Persons* of your *Quality*, to inveigh somewhat *Satyrically* against such as this *wanton Age* of the World loves to *miscall* by so good a name; which might give any man of lesse *Candor* and *Courseie* then *Your selfe* (Sir) a just occasion of judging me more *Bold* then *Wise*. What your *resentments* were of my last *unponder'd* expressions, I know not; But if in any of them I gave *offence*, I dare hope you will make your late *Commands* passe for my *Sentence*, and let this *prosecution* of that too *Inconsiderate* discourse (I beseech you, serve for my *penance*).

You were pleased to require a *Summary* of my thoughts, concerning our *present English Gentleman*, both to what he *is*, and what he *should be*. I must not tax you of *Indiscretion*, by telling you how *ill* you have placed your *Commands*; and therefore I shall rather choose to shew you your *Charitable mistake*, by my ready *Obedience*, then by

The Gentile Sinner.

3

by an *unseasonable modesty*, seem to question your judgement: The task enjoyn'd me is in it selfe so odious, that nothing, less then that *highest* respect I have for the worthy *imposer*, could make it *welcome*; and it carries so great a *disproportion* to my weaker *Faculties*, that nothing, but too great an *affection* in you (Sir) could make it appear possible. To tell you, what the *Gentleman* is, requires an *experience*; and to say what he *should be*, must suppose a *Breeding* far above mine.

If by the *Gentleman*, you mean him whose *real virtues* are such as have indeed *merited* him the name: I could go a very compendious way to work, and shew you him in as fair a piece as *virtue* can draw, or the *World* imitate, by directing your eye to that object, which *best* deserves it: You must needs know *your selfe* too well, (Sir) to be ignorant whom I mean. But for the *other*, whom we then took the *boldnesse* to talke of, you cannot, I hope, imagine, that one so little acquainted with the present *Garbs* and *Modes* of the world, as without *blushing* I dare confesse my selfe to be, should be able to present you

with his perfect portraiture.

To be short, Sir, You are too well acquainted with the true Gentleman, to thinke you shall ever read him any where better described then you find him at home: and I am too little acquainted with his counterfeits, to presume I may be able to give you an exact Character of him, till I use to go more, then I hope in hast I shall do, abroad. However, I had rather betray my Ignorance of what I could never yet esteem well worth my knowledge, then the least disrespect to a Person, whose long-experienced Goodness hath abundantly merited the best of my services. Such a prospect therefore as I could have of him, whilst immured up within the narrow compasse of a Darke Study, I shall make bold to lay open before your eye; and, in as plain English, as I can, tell you what I think both of the Man and his shadow.

But before I begin to describe him, I find it necessary for me to premise unto you this cautious request. That you would be pleased to believe I do not make, nor take pleasure to see those wounds, which you have perswaded me to uncover; for

I cannot but foresee too many of them; through *Imprudence* and *Negligence*, so altogether *feaster'd* and *Nauseous*, that as they will try your *patience* to behold them; so will they even *dare* your *faith* to believe them: and this I shall further beg of you, that seeing to serve you I am forced to take the *Libertie* of a more *open*, and sometimes *biting* expression; you would not debar me of the *Privilege* of an *Impartial*, yet *friendly*, *Censurer*; one who had much rather lose a friend, then tolerate a fault: Or the *beneficial* *Severitie* of a *Faithful* *Chirurgion*, who is allow'd often to make the *smart* the fore-runner of the *Cure*; and is excusable, though sometimes he seem so hard-hearted as to *disregard* the *lamentable* out-cries, and most moving groans of his *afflicted* Patient; not sparing his *Probe*, till he have thoroughly search'd the wound.

I must in Good Earnest tell the Gentleman, how much my *Pitty* and *Commiseration* outgo my *Reprehensions* and *reproofs*: And that my *hearty* prayers both now are, and ever shall be, much more for him, then my *unpleasing* *Invectives* can be against him.

him. The latter are onely sent out to invite him to take some knowledge and compassion of himselfe: but the former ascend as high as Heaven to implore Gods Mercy and Pity towards him. For I know it, (let him entertain as flattering thoughts as he will of himselfe) the world has not had since the fall of Adam, a more miserable Spectacle, than this poor wretched Leaper, the debauched Gentleman: who doubtlesse, were he not so complacently accessary to his own Misery, So obstinately bent upon, and solicitously studious of his own overthrow, would be no other beheld than pittied.

29 But seeing his dayly practice perswades me, that his main industry is a design to ruine himselfe, his constant Profession an open defiance to his Happinesse; seeing his chiefe delight seems to be placed in looking upon his own sores, and his continual studie is how to increase them: Seeing he esteemes nothing so dangerous as real goodness, and every day proclaims open Hostilitie against whatever shall bring along with it that unwelcome charitie of preserving him from Hell: seeing he labours

hours to expresse a deadly *feare* betwixt
 himselfe and his owne *soule*, and dreads no
 torments so much as the *joyes* of *Heaven*,
 seeing the *businesse* of his whole life is to
 spoyle a Gentleman: Without all doubt,
 the safest way now to be his friend is to
 seeme his *enemie*, the readiest meanes of
 making the *Christian*, is to vex the Gentle-
 man, and the hopesullest method of healing
 his sores, is first to search them till they
 smart. There's no way to deale with a man
 in a *Swoone*, but to pinch him by the nose,
 and to dash cold water in his face; when he
 is thus brought to himselfe, he may be
 capable of a *Cordiall*: Thus indeed must we
 be constrained to deale with the Gentleman,
 who is not onely voyd of all *spirituall*
life, but even of all *common sense*: We must
 handle him a little more roughly, then what
 he will thinke *civilitie*, that so we may at
 length force him to open his eyes, to see
 how much he is mistaken in what he calls so.
 If after all this he will persist to call mee
 his *enemie*, I shall onely professe my sorrow
 for this, that he has lost the benefit intended
 him by my paines: Not at all that I have
 missed the reward of his commendation and

thanks; these I shall then *first* be ambitious of enjoying, when I shall be assured that he is so much become a *New man*, that I need not feare his *Commendations* may prove *Scandalls*, or his *thanks* reproaches. Till then here he has my *Confession*; I am his utter *Enemie*: and let him take my *Resolution* too along with it, so I am resolved to *continue* till I can see him; more then yet he is, his owne friend: Then, I am sure, he will without a prompter acknowledgement, that thus to *appeare* his *Enemy* was the *onely* way he had left me to *befriend* him.

With this *resolution* (Sir) and *Confidence*, I shall venture, *first* to give you a short *Character* of him, as it stands legible in his common *practise* and *Conversation*; where that he may not have so much as a *pretence* to be *angry*, I shall onely write after that *Copy* himselfe has set mee, and lets lye every where *wide open* to the *view* of the world. And having done this, I shall in a very few words characterize the *man* I would see, and tell you, what I *suppose* you *know*, God *Expects* and his owne Name and profession do *witnesse* he ought to be.

SECT.



SECT. I.

The Gallant.

TO give you my sense of the Gentleman in a word, He is, *I know not what*. I no sooner cast my eye upon him, but (alas) I see too little to love, enough to *Pitty*, more to *abhor*, and in all too much to be *expressed*. 'Tis usuall with us to call *man* a *little world*, and truly the Gentleman may well be compared to that which is more ancient, the *Old Chaos*, when the *numerous* parts of this larger world, lay confusedly therein, intermixed and jumbled together, without *Forme* or *Order*: before the Omnipotent *Wisdom* of the Great God had created any such thing here below as *Method* or *Beauty*. Such an undigested *Masse* and *Heap* of every thing, have wee here met withall, and nothing perfect: Oneiy herein the *Similitude* failes, for supposing such an unformed heap, yet had there been nothing therein but what were to be confessed the
worke

worke of God's hands, and therefore *very good*: But *here* (alas) is almost nothing left that God created, but every thing so altogether *evill*, that hardly so much of that we call *goodnesse* appears, as a bare *possibilitie* of becoming so.

Sect. 1. *His Name.*

If there be such a *Sin* in the *abuse* of words as some do think there is; and if it be true that a great part of this *abuse* lies in giving *Names* unto things, *contrary* to their *Natures*, never was there a greater error of this kind committed then here, for never *Honest name* was more abused, then this of *Gentleman*: indeed it is to be feared, that having been so long *mis-applied*, it will at last finde the like hard measure, with those other once more *Honest Names* of *Tyrant* and *Sophister*; and from a *Title of Honour* degenerate into a *term* of the greatest disgrace and infamy. It is indeed already made to be of no better a signification then this, to denote a Person of a *Licentious* and an *unbridled* life: for though it be as 'tis used, a word of a very
uncertaine

uncertaine and equivocal sound; and given at Random to persons of *far different*, nay *contrarie* both *humours descents*, and *merits*: yet if we look upon him that in this sad age comes first in play, and carries both the *Feather* and the *Bell*, as the *first Horse* in the *Team*, away from all the rest: a *Gentleman* must be thought onely such a man, as may, without *controle*, do what he *lists*, and sin with *applause*: One that esteems it *base* and *ungentle*, to *fear* a *God*, to *own* a *Law*, or *Practise* a *Religion*: One who has studied to bring *Sin* so much into *fashion*, and with so much unhappy *Successes*, that he is now accounted a *Clown* that is not *proud* to be thought a *Sinner*; and he is as ridiculous as an *Antick*, who will not, without all *scruple*, proclaim himself an *Atheist*.

Some of the *wisest* in the present world, have of a long time, (ashamed, I suppose, to be known by the *same* name with such a *Monster*) thought it more fit to call him *Spark*, *Ranster*: and indeed the former Name carries so much of the *Fire* of *Hell* in the *signification*, the other so much of the *noise* of *Hell* in the *sound*, as may almost
suite

suit with the *Gentlemans* Actions. But the *proudest* vice is ashamed to wear its own face long: Nor dare I believe the *Devil* to be much in love with his own Name; I am sure *neither* is willing to be thought such as in truth they are; but *wickedness* has worn *virtue's* mask quite thread-bare; and *Satan* hath so often appeared like an *Angel of Light*, that 'tis now evident, he is not enamoured of his own *Form*. And thus had the *Gentleman* too, rather *deserve* then wear the Devils *Livrie*; though he be willing enough to be the *man*, yet he abhors the *Name*. Thus he thinks *virtue* and *vice*, like his *Honour* and *Reputation*, no more, but the *creatures* of *Popular breath*; and that his eternal *Happineffe* (as his *Temporal estate*) is entailed upon the bare *Name* alone, and by a little alteration of *that*, he may (when he pleases) translate his *Title* from *Hell* to *Heaven*: So fondly Solicitous he is that I may use his own Language (to *Trapan* his own *Soul*, and by the Lamentable *Imposture* of a *Borrowed Name* cheat her out of a most Glorious Inheritance.

Hence he endeavours a little more to
Civilize

Civilize the Tittle, and calls himselfe in a more pleasing language *Gallant*. In this he is apt to Phancy *charmes* enough to bring even *Heaven* it selfe in love with him; and make it, as the trees did *Orpheus*, to follow him whithersoever he goeth: and certainly so it must, and with some speed too, or he shall never see it, seeing he is alway running, as fast as he can, the quite contrary way. But, alas, this is all he is like to gain by the pittiful exchange: that whereas the ungrateful sound of the former names did so startle the *Devil*, that he was ready to quit his habitation, either as jealous of a Rival in the very words, or else afraid of a Discoverie, hearing his own names become so common, he is now bribed to stay by the Flatterie of this latter, and securely Lodges in the *Gallant's* breast, without the least fear of disturbance.

But seeing the *Gallant* is so great a lover of *New Names*, I hope he will not be troubled, if I make bold to adde one more, and call him with no lesse reason, but in more words, *The Devils Ghost*. For whilest *Sathan* is put to a large expence of time and Pains to Haunt and Seduce others here

Here he meets with *one* not halfe so coy, but such an one as by his *unseasonable* kindnesse, seems to be a *trouble* rather, to the very *Fiend*, by *haunting* the *Devil*. And doubtlesse, if he go but one halfe so fast a while longer, as he has done of late years, he will *tire* and *puzzle* the whole numerous *Hest* of *Hell*, to invent a *variety* of *objects* answerable to that of his *Humour*.

To speak him out a little more plainly, our *English Gentleman*, as now a dayes we commonly meet him, is such a *strange* kind of *thing*, that no one name will fit him. Such an *Heterogeneous* soule he is, that no lesse then a *Combination* of all the *vices* in the *World*, must be summoned in to make up a *Partial Description* of him: Of an *Essential Definition* I dare hardly think him capable, least thereby granting him a *complete Essence*, I should be forced, at least in a *Metaphysical* Notion, to call him *Good*. *Good-man* is a title he hath ever much scorned, and it is that which (if yet his *pride* will afford him any) he very truly thinks the fittest *compellation* for the poor honest *Labourer*. The same he will some times

times vouchsafe to bestow upon those few Tenants his prodigality has spared him. Such a complicate of evils goes to his constitution, that ere we shall be able to fit him with a name, we must borrow it from Sathan himselfe, and call him Legion. As sin and vanitie make up his very Essence; so can nothing but wonder and shame compose his Character.

Sect. 2. *His Nature in generall.*

You have heard his name, and now take a farther Generall description of him thus. The Gallant is a pretty, neat, Phantastically out-side of a Man, and if you dare alway believe your eye, 'tis not unlikely you may (now and then) be so much deceived, as to thinke him something. But a true man you can never imagine him, he hath too long agoe shaken hands with his Reason, and now counts it the greatest degree of baseness in the world, to live what Nature made him, or to seeme beholding for any thing unto ought, but his owne Humour.

He is a well-digested bundle of most
costly

costly vanities, and he is evermore tumbling up and downe the streetes to gather more of that same *Chargeable dirt* : as if he should have enough to excuse his sinne, when he can at once say, it is both *glorious* and *costly*. You may call him a *Volume of Methodicall Errataes* bound up in a *gilt cover*, and his onely commendation is this, that his *disorders* seeme to be *orderly*, and his *Errours* not *Casual* but *Studied*, and he can tell how to sinne most *ingeniously*. He is a *curiously wrought Cabinet* full of *Shells*, and other *Trumperie*, which were much better quite *emptie*, than so *emptily full*. He is a piece of ordinary *clay* stuck round with *Bristoll Diamonds*, pretty sparkling things, which for a time might perhaps make a *gay show* in a *fool's cap*, or on a *Dung-hill*, but in a *Lapidarie's shop*, amongst true stones, have onely so much *lustre* left, as will prove themselves to be but *counterfeit*. Such a silly *Glow worme* may looke like a little *Star* in the *Darke*, but its *Splendour* is alwayes sure to be *benighted* with the *Rising Sun*. 'Tis no small advantage for this fine Sir to live in this *Night* of the world, where that very *darknesse* of igno-

tance which *obscures* the great virtues of so many good men, is the onely thing that makes his *wild-fires* so *visible* as to be taken notice of. He is the *Rich Scabbard* of a *Leaden Spirit*, and that very *dulnesse* of metal, makes him endure so long in the world, whilest the *keener* zeal of *nobler* Souls, soon makes their way for them through the *Scabbard* into *Heaven*. I do heartily wish he would give us no reason to call him, The *painted Sepulchre* of a *Soule Dead* and *rotten in Trespasses and Sins*: If this *Comparison* will ever fit any man that is no *Hypocrite*, certainly 'tis the *Swaggering Gentleman*.

He is a *mans skin* full of *prophanenisse*, a *Paradise* full of *weeds*, an *Heaven* full of *Devils*, or *Sathans Bedchamber* too richly hung with *Arras* of *God's own making*: such an *Excellencie* would he faine hold in the *basest Iniquitie*. He can be thought no better then a *Promethean Man*, at beit but a lump of *animated dirt* kneaded into *Humane shape*, and if he have any such thing as a *Soule* (which he shall hardly be able to perswade any man to believe that sees how little care he takes to save it)

it seems to be patch'd up of *vice* and *Bravery*.

If you would come acquainted with his pedigree, let *Sin* be your *Herald*, and it will be sufficient to tell you, he was the *Son* of an *Offender*. His very name's enough to blast the *Nobility* of all that went before him, and to breath a perpetuall disgrace upon the sleeping ashes of his worthy *Progenitors*. There may be some question made, whether he needs fear going into *Hell* or no at his death; because he has been so well acquainted with it in his life time; whether if he have not leave every day to take his full *Cariere*, he thinks his *Soul* bereav'd of her *Christian Libertie*; as if he had no other way left him of imitating the blessed *Saviour* of mankind, but by often descending into *Hell*. O what a piece of *Gallantrie* it is now a dayes for a man to give his *Soul* to the *Devil* in a *Frolick*! It is the part of a *Gentleman* to out-brave *Damnation*, and not to be daunted with the thoughts of a future *Judgement*: A retreat into *Sobriety* would betray such an *Effeminate* of spirit, as might argue him in love with a *Religion*; and make the world believe

believe he were such a *Coward* as might be *Frighted* into *Piety*. Every *pettie* sinner can *out-face* an *Earthly*, he'l do his best to *out-vapour* an *Heavenly* Tribunal; and make it appear unto all, that a *Gentleman* has a *spirit*, dares go to *Hell*, before he will be said to *fear* it. Indeed he alone seems to have the art of turning *Nature* upside down, and will onely be a perfect *man* at the *Pap*, when he is *mean'd* he gives both his *humanitie* and *Immocencie* to his *Nurse* for her *wages*, I am sure he is rarely, if ever, after that time, seen to have either about him. In short, the *Gentleman* is nothing that he *should* be: His whole life is a flat *Contradiction* to his *dutie*: His constant *studie* is to teach his *Bodie* how to put *affronts* upon his *Soul*, and to give him the *lie* who dare tell him there are any *hopes* it may be *saved*: He laughs at him that tells him there is any other *Heaven* then that of his own *creating*; any other *happinesse* besides his *pleasures*, or an *Hell* diverse from that which *Christianitie* has objected to the *Cowards Phancy*. He has the *Courage* to be any thing but *what he should* be, an *honest man*, or a *good Christian*.

§. 3. *His Calling or Employment.*

The Gallants Generall Calling and Employment is, to scorn all *businessse*, but the Study of the *Modes* and *Vices* of the times: and herein he spares not to rack his *braines*, and rob his *soule* as much of her *Naturall* and her *spirituall* rest, to supply the wanton world with *varietie* of Inventions. He takes an especiall care that nothing may ever appear *old* about him, but the *old Man of sin*, and him he every day exposes to Publick view in a *severall Dresse*, that (if it be possible) he may perswade the world to believe that all *there is New* too. Indeed so miserably happy is he in *Inventions* of this sinful Nature, that any man, who had not a *spirituall eye*, to discerne the same *Proud* and *Luxurious Devil* in all his Actions, would almost think he had a *new Nature* as well as a *new Suite* for every day throughout the Year.

Thus he that thinkes it so much *below* him, to be reckon'd amongst the *Labourers* in Gods *House* or *Vineyard*; and disdaines to receive his *Penny*, with those he should

should call his brethren, either as a *Reward* or a *Gratuitie*; but seems rather to expect it as a *Debt*, or *Portion* due by *Inheritance*: Yet is he content to sit all day long in *Sathan's Shop*, one of his *Slavish Prentices* or *Journey-men*, who feeds him with course and *Emptie Husks* here, and will reward him with an *Hellful* of torments for *his labour* hereafter.

He is all but a *Proud* and *Glistening Masse* of *swaggering idlenesse*: and he makes it his chiefe Study to Demonstrate to the world, how many severall wayes *Idlenesse* has found out to be *busie*. He takes this for granted (as well he may) that he is not *Idle* but *Dead* that does just *nothing*. It is his task ever to be doing, *nothing* to a *Good*, but much to a *Bad* or no Purpose. Though he may often seem to sit *still*, and not to *move* so much as a little finger, yet even *then* is his *soule* close at *work*, plotting and Contriving how he may for the time to come be most *Pausibly Idle*. He acts so little for the *Publick Good*, as if he were afraid he should be thought a *Member* of *Mankind*, or as if the *onely businesse* God intended him

were but to take care, that he continue *breathing*. He lives indeed as if he meant to prove, that God Almighty had made him to no other end but this, to show the world that he could make *something* whereof he had no need when made; as if whilest he created other men for use and service, he intended him onely, as Artists do some of their neatest but slightest pieces of work to stand upon a stall, hang out upon a sign at the Shop-windows, to show passengers with what the Shop is furnish'd within. Or if you will, you may look upon him as upon the painted sign of a Man hung up in the Aire, onely to be toss'd to and fro, with every wind of Temptation and Vanitie. Such a vain shadow or Picture is he, that were there no more but himselfe I should take the boldnesse to Affirm there were no such Creature as a Man in the world.

To me he seems of no more worth then a Piece of Out-cast Iron, lying uselesse upon the face of the Earth, till his Soul be even eaten away with Rust and Sloath. God made him a Man, but to prove himselfe his own God by a second Creation, he endea-

vours

vours to make himseſſe a *Bruit*, nay a sense-
leſſe *Carkelle* that only *Cumbers* the *Earth*,
& is fit for nothing but to *dung* the ground
it lyes upon, and *ſtinke* in the *Noſtrils* of
the moſt High. If ever he *sweat*, it is in
pursuit of a *feather*, at his *play* and *ſport*, in
running away from his *Work*, and in the
chafe after his *Eaſe*: And yet even in
that he can never *reſt*, this indeed being
the Natural fruit of *Idleneſſe*, that it makes
the *ſluggard* weary, not onely of what-
ſoever he *doth*, but even of *Idleneſſe* it
ſelf.

§. 4. *His Education and Breeding.*

So ſoon as his *Age* is capable of *Inſtru-*
ction and *Discipline* he is ſent to *School*, or
rather by reaſon of too great an *Indul-*
gence in his fond *Parents*, the *School* is
brought *home* to him; where if the *ſtooliſh*
Mother do not more awe the *School-maſter*
then he his *Scholar*, the *Rod* and an *emprie*
purſe together do for a while preſerve him
himſelfe: But it ſhall not be long, ere he
find room enough *abroad* in the *world*,
wherein he may *loſe* himſelfe again. *Yea*

truly it is a great rarity in this Age, to see the earlielt *Morning* of *Youth*, unclouded by the *fumes* and vapours of *lust*. It being too usual a thing with the *debauch'd* father, to make his *child*, as we use to say, over early his *Fathers* own Son.

Most *Gentlemen* seem to make it a special piece of their *fatherly* care to stave off their *Children* as long as they can from *Virtue* and *Religion*; lest therein resembling *better men* then their *Fathers*, some might take occasion to thinke them *spurious*. To infuse so early into the *Young child* the *graver* Notions of God and Goodnesse, were to make him *Old* before his time, and these would looke no better then so many *wrinkles* and *furrowes* in the *fresh* cheeks of an *Infant*: alas, what were this but an *unspiriting* of the *child*, and laying an unseasonable *Dampe* upon the comely *sprightfulnesse* of *Youth*? 'Tis fit he should be man'd up by *bold* and daring exercises, and as men use their *Hounds*, be blooded now when he is young. *Divinitie* and *Moralitie* are supposed too much to *mollifie* and *emasculate* the brave Soule of a *Young Gentleman*, and make it of too *soft* and *facile* a temper

temper for *Noble* and *Generous* actions. To instruct him how *hereafter* he should manfully resist his *enemies*, he shall *first* be taught to fight against *God* and *Goodnesse*. It is indeed most lamentable to consider how very few of those we call *Gentlemen* endeavour to make their *Children* either *honest men* or *good Christians*: as if it were their only *businessse* to beget them, and when they are come into the world, to *teach* them by their own *example*, how they may most *unprofitably* spend the short *leavings* of their own *Luxurie*. Thus at their *death* they leave them *doubly* Miserable in bequeathing them, *first*, little to live upon, and *secondly*, many ways to spend it. Indeed the greatest *Charitie* and *Providence* in such *Prodigal Parents*, were either *not* to beget *Children* at all; or to beget them *meer beggars*, that so they might not *give* them, with their *estates*, so many unhappy *opportunities* of becoming altogether as *bad* as themselves.

But the *Hopeful Youth* must be a *Gentleman*, and in all haste he must be sent to see the *University* or *Inns of Court*; and that before he well knowes what it is to go to *school*. Whither he comes, not to get
Learning

Learning or *Religion*, but for *breeding*, that is to enable himselfe hereafter to *talke* of the *Customes* and *Fashions* of the Place. Here he gets him a *Tutor*, and keeps him (as he doth all things else) for *Fashions* sake. Such an one who may serve at least, as poor *Boyes* do in some *Princes* Courts, to *sustaine* the blame of the *Young Gentlemen* miscarriages, and whom the *Father* may *chide* and *beate* when the *son* is found in a *fault*: Indeed this care is taken for the good *Tutor* that if his *Scholar* chance to *returne home* (as too seldome he does) with either *Scholarship* or *Pietie*, he shall then have the *credit* or *discredit* (call it which you will) of *making* the *Scholar*, or *spoiling* the *Gentleman*: seeing his *Parents* had taken order he should bring *neither* of the two along with him. Here perhaps he is permitted to continue a *year* or *two*; if he have no *Mother* upon whom he must bestow at least *three* parts of that time in *visits*, else his *Father* knows not well where he may with more *credit* loose so much good *time*, or if it may be afraid it will be a greater *trouble* to keep him at *home*. In this time he will, in all probability have

learn'd

learn'd how to make a choice of his *boon Companions*, how to *raile* at the *Statutes* and break all good *Orders*; How to wear a *Gandie Suite*, and a *Torn Gown*; To *curse* his *Tutor* by the name of *Baal's Priest*, and to sell more books in halfe an *hour*, then he had bought him in a *year*; To *forget* the *second year* what perhaps for want of *acquaintance* with the *Vices* of the place he was forced for a *Passé-time* to learn in the first, and then he thinks he has learning enough for him and his heirs for ever.

And now that he may be able to *main-taine* his *title* to so wretched an *estate*, it is time he should be hastened away to some *Inne of Court* there to study the *Law* as he did the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences* in the *Colledge*. Here his *pretence* is to *study* and *follow* the *Law*, but it's his *Resolution* never to *know* or *obey* it: If in any measure he do apply himselfe to it, it is to this one end, that he may know how to *plead* for himselfe when he *breakes* it: or to attain at last to so much more *Law* then *Honestie*, as to *cozen* him that has more *Honestie* than *Law*. Here indeed he learns to be (in his

his Notion of the Man (somewhat more a Gentleman then before , having now the *Mock-happinesse* of a *Licentious* life, and a *Manumission* from the *Tyrannie* (as he terms it) of a *School-master* and *Tutor*. This he reckons the happy *Year* of his *Enfranchisement*, and in *Commemoration* whereof his whole *life time* is to be one continued day of *rejoycing*. From this time forward he resolves to be a *Gentleman* indeed, and now begins to clear himselfe from all *suspicion* of *Goodnesse*, which *constraint* and *feare* make some believe there was a *Possibilitie* of before.

§. 5. *His Habit and Garb.*

As his *condition of life* seems now to be *New*, so does he endeavour that *all* should appear *New* about him, except his *vices* and his *Religion*; He is too much in *love* with *those*, to *change* them, and the *latter* he cannot *change*, because he never *had* any. *Pride* and *Wantonnesse* have a very *rare* and *readie* invention: here's a *New Garb*, *New Cloathes*, and a *New Bodie* too, O could he but once get him a *New Soul*, or no *Soul*,
he

he might be thought happy. When you look upon his *Apparell*, you will be apt to say, he wears his *Heaven* upon his back; and truly ('tis too much to be fear'd) there you see as much of it, as he ever shall. He is trick'd up in *Gauderies*, as if he had resolved to make his *Bodie* a *Lure* for the Devil, and with this *Braverie* would make a baite, should tempt the *Tempter* to fall in love with him. He looks as if he had prevented our first *Mother* in sinning, and wanting patience to stay for the fruit, had pluck'd the very blossomes, and now wore them about him for *Ornaments*. His *Suite* seems to be made of *Lace* or *Ribbon*, trim'd with *Cloath*. By his *varietie* of *Fashions* he goes nigh to cheat his *Creditors*, who for this reason dare never swear him to be the same man they formerly had to deale withall. His *Mercer* may very well be afraid to lose him in a *Labyrinth* of his own *Cloth*, which yet sits or hangs (shall I say) for the most part so loosely about him, as if it were ever ready to fly away for fear of the *Searjeant*. Alas, how often is he proud of a *Feather* in his *Hat*, which a silly *Bird* was but a while ago wearie of carrying

carrying in her *tail* ? Do but take him in that condition wherein you may commonly be sure to find him, he will make a compleat *walking Tavern*. His *head* and *Feather* will serve both for *sign* and *Busb*.

If you observe but a little his strange *Garbe* and *Behaviour*, either *that* wherein he walkes the *streets*, or that other more *se* and *affected* one reserved for his *forme* of *Complement*, you would conclude he were going to show *Tricks*; I am sure he wants nothing but a *stage* erected for the purpose. He takes as much care and pains to *new-mould* his *Bodie* at the *Dancing-school*, as if the onely *shame* he fear'd were the retaining of that *Forme* which *God* and *Nature* gave him. Sometimes he walks as if he went in a *Frame*, againe as if both head and every member of him *turn'd* upon *Hinges*. Every step he takes presents you with a perfect *Puppit-play*. And *Rome* it selfe could not in an *Age* have shewn you more *Antiques* then one of our *Gentlemen* is able to imitate in *halfe* an hour: whose whole *life* is indeed no other then one *studied* imitation of all the *vanities* imaginable; and by his daily practice, a man would

guesse

guesse there could be no such ready way invented of becoming a *Gentleman*, as to degenerate first into that *Beast*, which now, if ever, is most like a man, an *Ape*. Such an *Honourable* creature has he made *himselfe*, who accounts it below him to be number'd among the *ordinarie* sort of men.

§. 6. *His Language and Discourse.*

His *Language* and *Discourse* are altogether suitable to his *Habit* and *Garbe*; all affected and *Apish*, but indeed for the most part much more *vile*, *sinful*, and *Abominable*. When it is most *Innocent*, then is it *Idle* and *Light*, and then most *quaint* and *Rhetorical*, when *Drolling* or *Prophane*. Although he make it his whole business whensoever he dares to be *Bookish* (which indeed he dreads as much as any thing but to be Good) to furnish himselfe with an *Eligant* and *Courtlike* expression; yet will all but amount to this at most, that sometimes he may be able to talke well, and show us how much he is a better *Speaker* than a *man*: That he shall be able to carve out his *Language* into some of the most

most *Modish* and *Dissembling* *Complements*, and to *Interlard* and affected discourse, with many an *Impertinent Parenthesis*. And then amidst all this his *Time-observing* hand and foot do so point, accent and adorn all with *Curious & Phantastick flourishes*, that his words are often as much *lost* in his *Actions*, as his *sense* in his words.

A peice of *noisie Bombast* denominates him one of the great *Wits*, where the *substance* of his discourse (if it have any) is dress'd up in so *rude* and *Antique* a *forme*; that *staring* (as it were) the hearer in his face, it goes nigh to *fear* him out of his *Wits*.

If *Don Quixot* or some *Romance* more in *Fashion*, can but furnish him with a few *New-coyn'd* words, and an *Idle tale* or two to make up his talk at the next *Ordinarie*, in his own fond *Conceit* and by the votes of his simple *Companions*, he is carried up to *Heaven*; a wanton piece of *Drollerie* will send him *beyond* it.

To be truly *Ingenuous* is not the way to *Humour* his *Frolick* *Companions*, and therefore he is put to study out something else which must serve for a while instead of

wit,

Wit, and 'tis strange, if he can thinke of
 nothing will do this so well as *star-faberie*;
 for most perfectly such is that *quolling*
vein wherein he is so frequently industri-
 ous to shew himselfe a *witty fool*. What
 a *learned Age* is this we live in, when he is
 the best *Companion* for a *Gentleman*, who
 can best act the *Rustick*, and most facily
 imitate the *Rudenesse* and *Flatnesse* of his
Language? and when he alone must be
 esteem'd the *Wit*, who can neattiest play
 the fool to *Humour* *Mad-Men*. To be
sober or *serious* in the *Gentlemans* *Dictio-*
nary, signifies just as much as to be *Dull*
 and *Blockish*. A *Phancy* which dares not
 roave about, beyond the limits of *Sobriety*
 and *discretion*, nor proclaime her selfe to
 be most *affectedly* *prophane*, or as industri-
 ously *vain* and *Idle*, is a *Bird* that has no
 note sweet enough for his *Cage*. 'Tis a
 wonderful thing to see, how the *Apish*
Ingenuity of this Age, has cut the very
 throat of all *sober Invention*, and *Genuine*
Wit. A *Mimical* tone, a *Phantastik*
 action, a *Conchant* sense, and a *Phrase*
Rampant, quarter the *Coat* of our *Modern*
Gentle Wit. Such are the *spongy Ears*

of most Companions, that they will *suck* in nothing but *froth*: And the Gentleman looks upon him as a poor *solitarie* fool, who will not thus make himselfe an *Asse* for *companie*.

But (alas) all these are but the *Innocent* *retreations* of his *Tongue*: wherein it sports it selfe in its *Infancie*, ere it attain to that *nimbleness* & *volubility* of expression which becomes a *Gentleman*. He is not alwaies delighted in these *soft* walks, but as he grows more a *man*, he chooses him *rougher* paths, and more *manly* exercises. By degrees he steps up from *Idleness*, and *Emptiness*, *foolerie* and *drollerie*, to *scurvility* & *obloquie*, when at every step he *tramples* some good *Mans Honour* in the *Dust*; at each word he *spits* in the *face* of his *Betters*, and labours to *bespatter*, with the *Dirt* of *Infamy* and *Disgrace*, every *name* and *reputation* that stands above his *own*: And you may be sure he will ever throw the *blackest dirt* upon the *fairest face*, where it may certainly do the *greatest mischief*, and be most *conspicuous*. Like an experienced *Archer*, he never misses the *white*: but (as good luck is) such is the *Impenetrabilitie* of *Innocence*, when
darted

darted at by the poyson'd Arrows of Envy,
he never holes it. If this black breath of his
could blow out, or eclipse those Lights that
shine brightest, we should not have one star
left in Virtues heaven: And those Lights
which were sent into the World to guide
him timely and truly out of it into a better,
he first endeavours to extinguish, that so he
may without check or shame wander through
all the works of darknesse into Hell. What so
often in his mouth, as, that which he never
names, but with the deepest accent of scorn
and disdain, a paltry Parson? and he does
not stick often to tell him to his face, that
when he comes to have as much wit as *real*,
he will begin to tell him another tale then
that of Heaven; that he may do well to
keep him to his Tub, and tell a precise storie,
once or twice a week to his Ignorant Au-
ditors in his Countrey Church, and forbear to
read Lectures of Godliness to persons whom
he should be afraid to look upon but at a
distance. That he brought more learning
from school with him, then all the Canonical
Cassocks and Girdles in the Nation, with
all their tough Logical Notions, and knottis
Metaphysicks shall be ever able to contain.

With a thousand more such like *rackings* of a wild and *Atheistical* brain. I shall willingly forbear to personate him any farther in them, lest he might think me able (as I hope I shall never be) to reach the *Frankish* strain of his loose and prophane *Raileries*.

Neither are his *discourses* lesse *beastlie* then *divellish*, lesse *filthie* then *malicious*. So foul, *obscene*; and *nauseous*, for the most part are his words; that some one or other as little acquainted with a God as himself; will be apt to conclude, that Nature spoil'd him in the making, and set his Mouth at the wrong end of his Bodie. Certainly there must be a corrupted and *purified* Soul within, whence there daily steams out so much odious and *stinking breath*. Indeed so strangely is the Gentlemans *Palate* distemper'd by this same loathsome *Disease*, that he can now relish just nothing but the very *Excrements* of *Discourse*. He is not onely taken with the wanton *Language* and *Lecherious* *Dialect* of Love, wherein to accomplish himself, he makes it too much his businessse to collect what he can out of all the loose *Pastorals*, *Beastly Poems*, and *Bandie* *pieces* of *Drollery*, which by their number seem to

turn our *Book-sellers* Shops into so many *Fakes*: but he takes a great deal of pleasure to lick with his *tongue* the nauseous *Botches*, and putrified sores, and the infectious *Le-prosies* of *Wis.* O how does he delight to dwell upon the sore place of an obscene Poem! and he never commends the Poet for any thing but his *Infirmities*. He is no companion for the *Gallants* of late, who will not once at least before the close of every Period commit *Lip-Adultery*. As there is not any more filthy vice of the tongue then this; so neither do I ever find the Gentleman more in love with any other. Except it be that one which I am now to name.

And that is it, which indeed I tremble to mention, though he esteems it the greatest grace and Ornament of his Discourse. I mean, *Swearing*. For as the Gentleman seems continually to measure out his time by *mins* in stead of *minytes*; so his louder Oaths, were they not so very frequent, might well be compared to the great Clock, which gives us notice how his *Hours* passe. This is that pleasing part of his Language, wherein he so ordinarily bids defiance to his God; and so powerfully courts the Devil; with whom

by this means he has a frequent *Converse* as if he were his *Familiar*. And he has so great a variety of these *Hellish complements*, that the *Master* of that Language, *Sathan* himself may in a little time stand in need of an *Interpreter* to understand him.

This is a *sin* to which there are so few colourable *Inducements* or *Provocations*, that *herin*, or not all, the *Gallant* shews his *Proficiencie* under that good *Master* he serves, and proves how *straight* he can go to *Hell*, and how *fast*, without a *guide* or *baite*. Here indeed he seems to cry out upon *Eve* for a *lazier* and *dull* sinner, whilst in every *Oath* he loudly swears that *Soul* not to be worth a *damning*, which cannot *sin* without a *temptation*. 'Tis here he expresses his great *Charitie* to the *Devil*, for as if he were afraid the *Tempter* should have too great a *Load* of *Other mens sins* at the *Last* and *great* day of accounts, he freely exempts him from putting his *helping hand* to some of his sins, and openly professes he is able to go far enough *out* of the way to *Heaven* without a *Seducer*.

How many horrible and hideous *Oaths* doth

doth he dayly invent, onely to swell up his cheeks, and makes his words sound high and big in the ears of those that tremble not to hear him? with what boldness and pride does he abuse Gods most Holy and tremendous Name, bymaking it a cloak and varnish to set off his most false, loose, and prophane speeches. As if indeed he had this desperate design upon Almighty God, to render his sacred Name odious to the world, by taking it so often into his prophane lips.

Unto this we may here adde that other as common extravagancy of his Tongue, which is the abusing and making a Mock of Gods Word, as well as his Name. His Rhetorick seems all Low and Flat so long as his Metaphors lye on this side Prophaneity, but when he has once got a trick to heave up his cheeks, and set his face against the Heavens, and to emboss his discourse with a Rambling Oath, then he begins to think himself an Orator with a witness.

§ 7. His Religion and Conversation.

I am afraid it is now too late to tell you what is the Gentlemans Religion, seeing he

has so very little either of honesty or humanity. The sad truth is, he is so far from being indeed religious, that he is ashamed of nothing so much as that any man should have the charity to think him so. Against this Ignominious brand of a Godly man, he takes the readiest course he can to vindicate himselfe, that is openly to deride all those that own it, laughing aloud at all such as have more Religion then himselfe. The chief Ceremony of his Religion next to that of blaspheming his God, is lustily to curse the Devil: and to declaim both against Heaven and Hell in a breath. It is below a Gentleman to be a Beggar, though at the Gates of Heaven, & the Throne of Grace, and he does as much scorn to say his Prayers, as to beg his bread. Nothing but Necessity can persuade him to do either. Devotion and Humilitie are names wholly inconsistent with Nobilitie and Gallantrie. These become not that brave Heroick Spirit, which had rather chuse to starve even his soul to all eternitie, then to receive salvation it selfe at the expence of a petition. 'Tis for such faint hearted creatures as have not the courage to undergo with Alacrity the torments of Hell fire,

to stoop so low, as to beg an Heaven on their knees: Alas he sees no such loveliness in the things above, as may oblige him to so submissive a Courtship: And yet he is so confident to enjoy them all at last, as if he thought God would be beholding to him for accepting his blessings: or as some foolish lovers take occasion to double their addresses from the unkindness of a Coy Mistress, God would the more earnestly importune him to be saved, the more disdainfully he looks upon salvation.

If ever the Gentleman appears at Church, it is but to give you a testimony of his courage, whereby he shows how he dares sometimes venture upon what he most fears. But then he behaves himself so proudly there, as if he would command the great God of Heaven and Earth to keep his distance: and he may be sure, so he will, for he will draw nigh unto none but such as will first draw nigh unto him. But sometimes his appearance in the holy Assembly argues more Cowardice than Courage, and shews that he fears the Constable more then God: and to be religious more then appear so. Here if he stay long, he is no lesse pain'd in bearing the

the *Sermon*, then if both his *Ears* were fast nailed to the *Pillorie*. To prevent *sedition* and to give himself as much ease as may be, he picks up here and there something from the *Preacher* to make merry with, at the next meeting; Or else he meditates upon the *Ladies* as they sit in their *Sundays-beauties*, and then he returns from the *Church*, a most do who come thither with no better intentions, ten-times more an *Atheist* then he came.

But as fast as the *Gentlemans Atheism* he taught him to jeer and laugh at all those who are so soft-hearted, as to profess a Religion, so well has their Religion taught them to pity and pray for him that has none.

If the *Gallant* have no estate (as many who think themselves *Gentlemen* have none) he makes his vices his trade, and so trafficks first for a living, and then for damnation. The *Tavern*, for the most part, is his *Exchange*, where having prepared the way for wickedness by another, some drunken cheat usually the *Enriching Bargaine*: and this when discover'd, must pass by the name of an *Ingenious Frolick*. Here he lies drinking out the day, except he be forced to sleep out the

the last night's Intemperance. This is the stage of his vice and wantonness: where he thinks himself a *Champion*, when he can kick two down stairs at once, the *drummer* and his *Borile*, and sound the *Alarm* to the *skirmish* in a loud peal of new fashion'd *curfes*. After all is done there, he walks the *streets* as light in his *head* as his *purse*, and much oftner salutes the *Pavement* than the *Passengers*.

He drinks as *stoutly*, as if he meant to carry *liquor* enough with him in his *Belly* to quench the *flames* of *Hell*; or rather as if he meant to *drink* himself so far into a *Beast*, as he might thereby become *uncapable* of *Damnation*. When he has drunk his fill, he studies how to make the next young *Heir* he meets with pay the *Reckoning*. If he chance to meet with some poor *Innocent Lady*, whom a *sweet word* or two may make his *miserable prey*, he makes a shift to scue a *ring* or two off her *finger*, and this will both pay the *shot*, and his *common fee* for his next night's *Lodging*.

In a word, this *Ranting Gentleman* is a *Golden*, or at least a *gilded Sinner*, a *Royal slave*, a *Prodigal Spark*, one who hates no name so much as that of *Christian*, because he

he is afraid it would make him *melanchollie*. He travails over the wide world of sin, till he have as little *Money* as *Religion*, and no more *credit* then *money*. So that he is usually at last constrain'd either to lie *hid*, and so become his own *Prisoner*, or to pawn his *Body* to his *Goaler* for his *chamber*, or else to become a *Citizen of the World*, and so at last is *every where at home*, because he is indeed *at home no where*.

§. 8. *An Apologie for this part of the Character.*

Perhaps you may here expect my *Apologie* for making so bold with the *Gallant*, as in the foregoing lines I have done, which I am so far from *acknowledging* my self obliged to do, that I shall hardly obtain mine own *pardon* for being no bolder. 'Tis out of no other respect then a tender *compassion* to his *Person*, and a most perfect hatred of his *waies*, that I here take leave of him. In good earnest (Sir) I have not the *patience* to follow him any farther, no not in those paths where in he walks with so much *Pride* and *Complacencie*. If he think I have used him too

unkind

unkindlie, I shall onely answer, that its not
half so ill as he uses himself: who by being
so much his own *Enemie*, has found out a
very easie way for his *best friends* to be so
too, and yet solve the *Contradiction* by an
obvious *distinction* betwixt his *Spiritual* and
his *Carnal self*.

I thank God, I have learn'd to hate a vice
in my *best friend*, and the more I hate it, the
better I love my friend, whom I shall ever
wish so well, as that he may continue for
ever *virtuous*, that so I may for ever have
his *Friendship*. And I have as well learn'd
to love the *soul* of my most *vicious enemy*,
and the rather because I know my *Saviour*
did as much for me.

I dare not think a *sinner* needs my *pray-
ers* one jot the lesse, but much more my *pitty*,
because he pretends to be a *Gentleman*. I
am sure he would say as much himself, if
he could but seriously consider what *distin-
ction* of blood or degrees there is to be ex-
pected in *hell*, or what *respect* will there be
shewn to the *Son* of a *Prince* more than to a
Beggar. Which was best rewarded, the
Noble Dives, or the poor and so long *despi-
sed Lazarus*; A *Captive* is still to be look'd
upon

upon as a *Captive*, though it be his lot to lie bound in *Fetters of Gold*, and to have a stately *Palace* for his *Prison*: Nor shall I think that *Malefactor's* torment much the lesse, who has the *honour* at his execution to have his *Fatal Pile* made up of all the richest *Spices of Arabia*. How great an *Happiness* found he in his *death*, whose sentence it was to be smother'd to death in a *Bed of Roses*? That *Prisoner* may be in a merry, but in no very good condition, who, when he should be singing *Psalms* unto his *God*, and so with the *Captive Apostles* set his *Soul at Liberty*; when he should on the wings of *Devotion* send her out with *Noahs Dove*, to fetch in the *Olive-branch of Peace and Libertie* from *Heaven*; when he should do all this, can yet in a *rough Note*, and somewhat disjointed *Catch*, Crown his *Cups*, and awake the curs'd inhabitants of *Hell* in a *Health* to the *Devil*: whatever others better bred and of a more *gentile Education* may think of him, I shall never be able to commend such a mans *courage* and *Alacrity*: But this I shall (I hope) be able to do, with all the due affections of a *Charitable Christian*, bewaile his *Madnesse*, Lament his

Folly, and earnestly pray that God would at length in great *mercy*, restore him to his lost self and senses. Thus would I hold my self bound to pray for a *Mad-man*, and truly no otherwise for our *English Gallant*: For were it my purpose to shew how easily a man might be, rather then how hard it is for him not to be *Satyrical* upon so foul a Subject; or did I not more desire with oyl to heal, then with salt and vinegar to vex his wounds, I could, without the least wrestling, fully apply unto the Person we speak of, all the *Symptoms* and *degrees* of the most extreme *madnesse* or *brutish folly* imaginable. But I leave him here, and for those others which are behind I shall study more *Brevitie* if not lesse *Bitternesse*.

SECT.



S E C T. II.

§. 1. *The second sort of Gentlemen not to be reckon'd amongst those which are truly such.*

I Would not have you think (Sir) that I have done with the *spurious* Gentlemen when I have done with the *Gallant*. Should do some violence to the *true* Gentlemen's *virtues*, should I say all that are not included in the foregoing *Character* are just such as *he*, and deal somewhat too severely with him of whom I am now to speak, if I should conclude all that are none of the best, to be the *very worst*. I find my self therefore necessitated to say a little of another, who, though he may be thought by many degrees above the former, yet have I no reason to call him a *Saint*. If we eye the common course of his life, and his ordinary conversation; we may perhaps discover in him something more of *modesty*, & the man, then

then in the former, yet shall we not finde much more then what is to be read in those two names, of Religion or the Christian: At best, he has in him only so much of Christianity as may save his credit in this world, not his soule in the other. And of this sort is, (alas I may too truly say) the far greatest part of our English Gentlemen: I must include very many of our Nominal Nobilitie, & not a few of the Real too, I mean as far as blood alone will make them so, under this Head.

This indeed is that Gentleman, whether of Citie or Countrie, whom his neighbours, as well as himself, do too often, for want of a better, flatter into Some-bodie. One, who though he has more discretion then to be stark mad, and more sobriety than to dwell in a Tavern, or to transform his own house (as too many chuse to do) into a perfect Bedlam: I am sure there wants very little of it in many, but the correction and discipline: Though he be not fully arrived at the very height of vanitie, nor can yet take a pride, be at the idle expence both of estate & honour, to purchase an irremediable poverty to his heirs and to himself the empty title of Spark & Gallant: Yet he can hardly perswade me

to believe the principles whereby he is kept within these bounds of modesty and sobriety, such as may merit him the name of Gentleman or Christian. Indeed the greatest difference betwixt him and the Gallant, seemes to be this, that whereas the Gallant is the very spume and froth of Nobilitie, which ever works upwards, impatient of a confinement within any limits whatsoever, but alwayes flies out by reason of it's extraordinary levitie into emptinesse and aire; the other Gentleman like the lees and dregs, by reason of too great a mixture and participation of more grosse and Terrene parts, settles wholly downwards, till he come to the very bottome of all baseness: Such lees, though at present, of some more use than the other, yet will they at length prove good for nothing but to be thrown away.

§. 2. Severall sorts of such Gentlemen.

Such a Gentleman as he who hath a good estate, and a full Chest; and these, excepting a Coat of Armes, & a few old Pictures, hung up in his Parlor or Gallery to let strangers see who were his Father and Mother,

are all he has to show for his Nobilitie: and yet his too great care in preserving these, is for the most part, that whereby he forfeits his Honour: For as the Former freely spends his estate to make him a Gallant, so this latter as freely parts with all Gallantry to save his estate. If nature have blessed him with some good parts & faculties, and if the care of his Parents have added many more excellent ornaments & accomplishments of a Gentleman, yet there alwaies appears some abatement or other in his bearing, which disgraces all: And there is that base alloy of (I know not what) dross, in his best gold, which renders it uncurrent, and altogether uselesse both to himself and all the world besides. In some this is covetousnesse, and love of the world; in others 'tis cowardice, and a poore spirit; in a third sort Lazinesse, and a love of ease; and in many others pride and a vain glorious humour. Though in favour to the Gentleman, or rather to the world, lest it might seem to be quite void of all such things as true Gentry and Nobility; men are willing very often to bestow upon them too good names; calling the first providence and a naturall care: the second pru-

dence, and a commendable policie: The third a good-nature, and a peaceable minde: And the last, Noble and brave Spirit, and a piece of necessarie state. I confesse I am as ready as any man to cast into him all the *allowances* he can in any reason demand, or I with safety grant him, & all will be little enough to make him full weight for a Gentleman. But he must pardon me, if I love not to hear good names thus grossly abused: nor to see the most beloved and plausible vices passe so currently & unquestioned for virtues. Call them what we will, and make them as good as we can, as they are enough to sink the Gentleman as far below his name as hell is below Heaven; so have they been too effectual and prevalent of late, to the cheaking up all breathings of true Religion & Pietie, and to the bringing a glorious Church and flourishing Kingdom, to say no worse, into a very low and ruinous condition. And this I dare be bold to affirm, though I take not my self for a Politician, that let us all present and endeavour to what we can, till we can make these gilded vices to be known & owned by their own names, we shall have small reason to hope for a settled Church, or peaceable

peaceable state. I wish I had a *Salve*, which applied to the *Gentlemans* blind eye, might take of the *Pearl*, and make him see this truth.

So 3 *The Provident Gentleman.*

The Provident Gentleman (as he loves to heare himselfe miscall'd) is one who is ever putting the question with him in *Iob*, *What profit is there in the service of the Almighty?* If you could once perswade him to believe that every good gift comes from above, and that *whosoever asks shall indeed receive*, you would soon see him grow religious, & hear him saying his prayers in good earnest: But alas, so long as he can make a shift to fill up his *Coffers* by delving in the dirt, you must give him leave to continue *Infidel* in these particulars. He is content to heare of glorifying God, till you come to tell him he must do it with his substance, but then it becomes an hard saying, and he'll hear you of that at a more convenient time; perhaps he means it upon his death bed. So little is he in love with, or sensible of what you call *Honour*, that allow him the gain and profit, let God

or any one else (it's all one to him) take the
 other. This Gentleman has just as much
 God and Religion as a full chest will hold, his
 God and his gold like Hippocrates his Throm,
 live and thrive, and are sick & die together
 & yet it were much to be wished he were
 but half so industrious to preserve the one,
 as he is to keep the other. Instead of laying
 up his treasure in Heaven, he lays up his Hea-
 ven in his Treasure; and, if God will be
 content with it so, he shall be sure to have
 his heart there too. *Conscience*, I dare say,
 in such as he, is the greatest Idolatry: I am
 confident he would fall down & worship the
 Image of a Nero, nay of a Devil, rather than
 waste the single penny that beares in You will
 have much ado to convince him of the
 truth of the Apostles proposition, *That gain-
 fulnesse is great gaine*, except you will grant
 him that this is a Logically Conversion, and
 not to be questioned that great gain is gain-
 fulnesse. If with the Silver-smith he can by
 his craft get his wealth, then shall Religion
 become his trade, and the Church his forge.
 But till then you must give him leave to be
 a worshipper of his great Goddess *Diana*. So
 far is he from putting in practice that good
 and

and wholsome advice, to be carefull in nothing, but in every thing to give thanks: that he dares never read the text but backwards Give thanks for nothing, but in every thing be carefull: He cannot esteem it a true piece of providence to make the day content with its own labour, but on the contrary he gives every day the trouble of caring for many years. & therefore is ready to phancy himself far from the *Rich Fools* condition in the Gospel, because he never yet could allow his Soul her *Requiem*, or thinke that he had enough for many yeares.

He takes much more paines to leave his Children rich then good, & had rather give them a portion then a blessing. The main advice he gives them is to be *thrifty* and good husbands, let them make themselves godly and good Christians, All the learning he intends to bestow upon them, is so much *Latine* as will fit them for understanding a *Bond*, & so much *Arithmetick* as may secure them from the dishonestie of an unjust *Steward*: If he suppose the book may be made a *thrifty diversion* to keep the from the greater expence of the *Tavern* or their game, he may perhaps allow something toward a *study*.

And (be sure) he will be carefull enough, to give them so much *Law* as may be sufficient to maintain their own rights, and rack their *Tenants*.

If he go constantly to Church, 'tis more to serve himself then his God. Often because he hopes by being his frequent Auditor, he may oblige the Person to let him his *Tithes* at a low rate, or to believe him a man of conscience, that so he may defraud him of his *dues* without suspicion. For the most part this Gentleman is the Patron, or has the *Impropriation*, and yet, whilest he and his family grow fat by feasting upon the bread of the Altar, he grudges him who dispenses freely of the bread of life the very crumbs that fall from his table. The Church of God thus often starves for want of food, whilest such dogs eat up the childrens bread: Such mens whole lives are but so many continued *Sacriledges*, and all they can allege for themselves comes but to this, that they hold their sin as their land, by right of inheritance from their *Ancestors*: Their coffers grow full by robbing the Sanctuary, & at every meal with their sacrilegious teeth, like so many ravenous Wolves or Vultures, they tear in

pieces the *Bride* of *Christ's* languishing
Spouse: but let her die, the provident *Gentle*
man had rather see her *Cherish*, then his
chests grow empty; and if by her death he
 may peaceably enjoy her *reversion*, he will
 hardly *mourn*, but as such enriched *heir*
 use to do, at her *funeral*.

It is long since this good man turned
charitie out of doors, as an *unchristy* *house*
wife, and one that made it her businesse to
 throw all away. The poor come and go about
 his gates, as hungry birds about a painted
Vine; at best they meet with an *hard* *craft*
 and *harder* *language*. He loves not thus to
 lend his money, though it be to the *Lord*, ex-
 cept he would give him bond and return him
 eight in the *hundred* here in this world.
 When our *Saviour* tells him of an *hundred*
 for one here below, & *eternal* life hereafter
 in heaven, he hath as little faith to believe,
 as *patience* to wait for such a reward: yet he
 could almost wish, upon condition the *for-*
mer part of the promise might be made
 good to him, without *persecution*; that the
 latter might be reserved for such who can
 fancy a *God* in *Heaven*, better than a *sheep*
and *pound* in hand.

If

If this Gentleman can but so far drive himself as to do no open violence or injury to any man, if he can arrive at that degree of Christianity which will enable him to reach the negative part of Justice and Charity, he is apt to think he has made a fair progress in the way to Heaven. And yet (God knows) he ordinarily mistakes this part too. For to win another's estate by some quibble in the Law, or by bribing a Judge, to overreach his poor neighbour in a hard bargain, to take advantage of a needy persons present necessity, and accordingly raise the price of his Commodity, to exact first money then he is able to pay, and then make him pay use for his disability, to send a poor naked soul to Bedwells instead of an hospital, to the Stocks instead of a Bed, to call him *knave & vagabond*, that he may have a pretence not to relieve him: to suffer a languishing creature to dye in the streets, while he had enough to spare wherewith to feed and cloath him; Or to permit a breach in the walls of Jerusalem, when a small sum out of his purse would repair it. These he can by no means reckon amongst the species of injustice, or as defects in charity, but there-

fore counts all good duties as things unnecessary & no way obliging, indeed because changeable and seemingly *barrenness*, and such as contradict that *thrifty foresight*, and necessary *prudence* he holds himself eyed to maintain. He thinks it a greater degree of wisdom to trust Gods *providence* now for some *miraculous* relief of the present poor, then to rely upon it for the *after-enrichment* of his posterity.

Certainly this is the thing that passes so currently for *providence*, even among those who are counted the *wiser & more religious* sort of our *English Gentlemen*: but if this can belong to *Christianity*, then must *covetousness* and a *worldly* mind be reckoned amongst our *Christian virtues*. But is (alas) too evident what good friends such *virtues* & such *Gentlemen* have been of late to our *Jerusalem*, whilst our richest *gallantrie* has all along, in these calamitous times, chosen rather, by a kind of *constrained bonary* to reward the *Demolishers*, then voluntarily to part with a farthing to pay the *builders* of our ruined *Sion*. Besides this, it is not a little to be feared that those many contrary *Darkness* and *Engagements*, *Power* and *Protestations*

restations, which with the help of this *saucy* of providence have been so readily swallowed (I fear I may say) by the greatest part of our Gentry, will at last expose their faults within no lesse to corruption, then the contrary qualities do their bodies without. O how happy might this poor Nation have been even to this day, had not the rich Gentleman, under pretence of a *Natural affection*, & a necessary providence, set an higher estimate upon his own chest, than the Ark of God; upon his own Barn, then the Lords temple; had he not loved his interest more than his religion, the safety of his body more then the salvation of his soul, his natural children more then his Heavenly Father, and his money above them all.

§. 4. The Prudent Gentleman.

By this short view I have given you of the provident Gentleman, I suppose you will grant him to be none of those we may call the best, or such as it might be wished, we had many of in our Nation: And truly the Prudent Gentleman, I mean him who is nowadays known by that name, is not of a much nobler dye: very often you shall find him

him to be the very same alwaies very neer of kind to the former. *Conscience* is as much afraid to be known, & therefore as loath to walk without her mask as *conscience*, and would as gladly arrogate to her self the never more abused names, then now, of a wise caution, and a Christian prudence, as that other of a virtuous chaste and necessary providence.

Instead of being (as wisdom commanded his Disciples) wise as serpents, Gentlemen are become meer Serpents in wisdom, and have rendred themselves very capable of that commendable character, which was long ago given to the Serpent, They are more subtle then all the beasts of the field; and the prudence they boast of, & under which they veil a carnal mind, and a carking cowardlie soul, is nothing else but a worldly policie, or rather a Devilish subtiltie. They have made one half of the text quarrel with and justle the other quite out of their Bibles, advancing the wisdom of the serpent to so high and intense a degree, that it cannot admit the least proportion of the holy Doves more necessary innocence. Such a foraminous piece of Network has Christian prudence been

been made of late, that these glib serpentine Politicians can so wind themselves in & out at pleasure, as if they meant neither God nor man should ever know certainly where to have them.

It is a very famous piece of the Gentilemans prudence, to endeavour to out-wit an all-wise God, and to go about to put fallacies upon him out of his own word, often making even Gods most righteous precepts the topicks of his disobedience. How frequently endeavours he to cloak the violation of a law, by a pretended obedience to another, and by setting Gods commands at variance with another, thinks to steal away his beloved sin, & not to be taken notice of? He dares not take up his cross & follow Christ, but he should become *felo de se*, accessory to his own death: not knows he how to forsake Father & Mother for Christs sake, without a breach of the fifth commandment, which binding him to honour both, he cannot but how he may in any sense forsake either. He dares not part with houses and lands, for fear he might seem to despise Gods good blessings: not hazard his estate in the vindication of his Religion & his Loyalty, least he

Should be said to have thereby shewn any of the opportunities of expressing his bounty & his charity. He knows how much he is obliged not to *deceit Christ before men*, and to give an account of his faith to such as demand it of him; but when he produces a text which tels him of dayes wherein the prudent shall keep silence, and these dayes he supposes still present, whensoever his person or estate may be endanger'd by an open heart, or an ingenuitous tongue. He will be ready to suffer persecution for the gospel of Christ, and with St. Paul, to be bound and to dye; but this must only be when his prudence is at a loss, and he can find out no way just or unjust to avoid all this. As long as there are shifts enow left him, such as *dissembling language, covert engagements, cunning flatteries, treacherous compositions, petty contributions, underhand compliances*, in things both Civil and Religious, he thinks he wants no honest evasions, to secure both life & livelihood. Thus he is content to set him down in quietness, whilst the enemies of Gods Church advance in troops & armies against her, and thinks it enough, when he can say he wishes all well, & prays for the peace of Jerusalem.

It

It were no *prudence* openlie to declare his *opinion*, or to *act* on any side; alas he is but *one single man*, and *one's* as good as *none* against the stream of the *multitude*, not considering that where *one* does not *joyn* with *one*, there can be no *multitude*. There are *other* champions enow in the world to vindicate her quarrell, such as have no *estate* to look after, no *families* to provide for, when if all were of his *mind*, there would not be so much as *one*; and besides, who has greater reason to *labor* than he that has already received so great a *share* of his *reward*. What though he freely gives away a large portion of his *goods* to the enemies of God, it is but the way to *secure* the rest for better purposes. What though he be constrained with fair *speeches* to flatter up the *transgressors* in their iniquities? his *heart*, for all that, shall be for God, his *prayers* for the Church, and he is as good a *Christian*, and as *loyal* subject within as the best. Alas, tis no great matter to *comply* a little in outward things, to lay an hand upon a *Bible*, to *invoke* the sacred Name of God, and seemingly to renounce *Religion* and *Loyaltie*; God knows he intends no such matter, but only takes

this course to keep his *Family* from ruine, and to preserve himselfe *safe* and *whole* to do *God* and his *Church* more service hereafter.

It is all one with him to go to *Church* or *Conventicle*, so he may by frequenting either be thought to *favour* the *Religion* in *Fashion*, and so not be suspected an *Enemie* to the *God* that *rules* the *man* in *power* with a *sword* in his *hand*. He can take a great *deale* of *paines*, rise *early*, and go *far*, to encourage a *seditions* *Lecture*; and when *Sermon's* done, with an *Hypocriticall* *face* *smile* upon the *Preacher*, and *inviting* him home with him witnesse his *thanks* and *approbation* in a *good dinner*: but he holds it *imprudence* to frequent the *true worship* and *service* of *God*, which the *excellencie* thereof and the *command* of his *superiours* commends to his *conscience*, lest he should be thereby thought *ill-affected* to that *Religion*, which he would have *good men* believe his *soule* *abhors*. He dares countenance *Rebellion* and *sacriledge* both with his *tongue* and *purse*; but esteems it *dangerous*, and therefore (without all doubt) *Imprudence*, to contribute so much as a *good* *looke* to the *Encouragement*

of the truly Religious and Vertuous, lest he should be suspected by the prosperous sinner, an Enemy to Treason and Wickednesse.

Till we can find a way how to cast out this Prudent Devil, which (as the Prophets tell us) is wise to do evil, but to do good has no understanding; we shall ever hear this possess'd Gentleman crying out with the Damoniack in the Gospel, What have we to do with thee, Jesus thou Son of God? Why art thou come to torment us before our time? Such a perfect Gout is this prudent Cowardise, that the lame Gentleman ever cries out at the very sight of any thing that looks like Religion, as if it would come too near him, & touch him upon the sore place. So sad a thing is it to stand in fear of health, lest it should make us sick, to tremble at the sight of what would bring us to Heaven, lest we should lose our Earth, and to take so much anxious care to preserve the body whole, for fear a courteous monster should set upon the door, and give the soul leave to fly out into Heaven and be at rest.

If such men be truly prudent, then are all true Christians undoubtedly fools: Or if this over-warinesse be no more but a prudent and Religious caution, then are most of our Er-

glish Gentlemen (which I have not yet charity enough to believe) *Prudent Christians*. But (alast) *Neutrality* hangs too much betwixt two, ever to come to high as Heaven: and a cold *indifferency* comes so far short of that necessary *zeal*, which is the unfailing consequent of true *Piety*; that it is impossible it should ever be Crown'd with eternall happiness. He that is not deeply in love with his God, cannot place his absolute felicity in the fruition of God; and he that is afraid to do any thing, or thinks it prudence to suffer nothing for him, is not in love with him. God has long agoe told the Gentleman, and all others, how much of another temper he must be who will live for ever, instructing him with an immediate contrariety there is betwixt being for God and against him; so that there can be no mean left for such a prudent *indifferency*, betwixt fighting under Christs Banner, and being the Devils Souldiers. *Moderation*, 'tis true, in things of *Indifferencie* is a commendation; but the Gentleman needs fear as little that he can be over-zealous in a good matter here upon earth, as that he may be over-happy in Heaven. As there be no Angels but such as

are either *very good*, or *very bad*, so every *Gentleman* is either a *Saint* indeed, or else *starke naught*. He that *sits still* shall come soon to *Hell* as he that *sweats* in pursuit of it. But whosoever hopes to come to *Heaven*, he must *ever run*, and with his face *that way*, if he will be sure to *obtain*. I would wish that *Gentleman* who has not the heart to *confesse Christ* before men, to consider, how he can have the *courage* to beare *Christ* denying him before his *Father* which is in *Heaven*, or to endure those *torments* in *Hell* which he shall be sure to undergoe for not *confessing* him here upon *Earth*. Such a *Luke-warme* soule is so *Nauseous* unto God, that he must at last *spue him out* into the *Bottomlesse pit*.

If this be *Christian prudence*, to secure an *Estate*, or preserve a *Family*, or save a *life* by being *frigid*, and so *Spiritlesse* in our *Profession*, as may make us *nauseated* by God, and set us at such a distance from *Heaven*, a true *Christian* shall have as little reason to envy the *Gentleman* his *Prudence*, as the poor *Church of England* has cause to be proud of his *Courage*.

§. 5. *The Peaceable Gentleman.*

The *Peaceable and Honest-natur'd Gentleman* (as many call him) is one to whom the poor Church of England is not much more indebted for his kindnesse then to either of the former: this is *he* that is so far from being Cordially sensible of the afflictions of *Ioseph*, or the dissolations of *Ierusalem*, that he seems to have hardly so much of an humane spirit in him as to understand the meaning of those two words, *Happinesse* and *Misery*. Three parts of his time, at least, he spends in sleep, as if he were resolved to die all his life long, or by this course to keep himself ignorant of the Concerning affairs of the world; being loath to come acquainted with the truth of those evils which he is resolved not to take any pains to remove. The other quarter of his time he carefully divides betwixt his meals and his sports, and this he calls, living a good, honest, quiet, and harmlesse life, such as hurts no body.

Sometimes he seemes even to envie the very stones that constant rest which Nature has indulged them, whereby they are made

incapable of any *motion* but what is occasion'd, and that but rarely, by some *violence* from without them. If he had so much of that *Philosophie*, which tells us the *celestial bodies* are in a *perpetual motion*, as to believe it for a truth, he would for that very cause be unwilling to go to *Heaven*. When he hears of an *Eternal Sabbath* of rest for all those that go thither, he is almost persuaded to become a *Christian*, yet is he in a great straight betwixt two; for though he love his rest too well, yet he hates the very name of *Sabbath* much more, especially when he hears *St John* telling him, that, the *Angels* and *glorified Saints* never cease day nor night from praising God.

Sometimes again he seems to grudge the poor brute *Animals* their *Irrationality*, and to share with them, endeavours by a *sordid sensualitie* to degrade himself into a *Beast*, or, at least, to become as like one as *humanitie* will permit him. That he may be better acquainted with their *natures* and *dispositions*, his *Dog* and his *Horse*, or his *Hawk*, henceforward become his principal companions; with these he plaies, and with these he discourses, and towards these

(if you seriously consider all his *terms of Art*, you will be ready to say) he has his set-
forms of Complements: and indeed his whole
studie is to learn readily to speak that *lan-
 guage* wherein he may be *understood* by the
filly animals. When the *weather*, or his *health*,
 or the like, will not befriend him in these
exercisess abroad, then he sits at *home*, num-
 bring his *minutes* by the *turns* of his *Die*, or
 the *playing* of his *Cards*; or perhaps gets so
 much liberty abroad, as to measure out his
hours by the motions of his *bowl*. Such a
 merciless *Tyrant* is he to *that* (which he
 fears he shall never loose or destroy fast
 enough) his *precious time*; that he alwaies
 studies to invent variety of *executions* for
 it. Now he delights to *drown* it in his *Cups*,
 anon he *burns* it in his *Pipe*, by and by he
tramples it under his *horses hoofs*; again
 he *knocks* it in the head with his *Bowl*, *tears*
 and *devours* it with his *Hawks* and his
Hounds; there is nothing he will leave un-
 experimented, till he have certainly found
 out a way to prevent its *natural, honest, and
 commendable departure*.

These Courses he willingly allows him-
 self in, and desires to have *all thought no*

more or worse then his contemps of the world, and his studie of retirednesse from those distracting comberances thereof, which are unworthy of a Christian or a Gentleman.

Sometimes he delights to consume a great part of his time in unnecessary visits, but studies withall to make them so unprofitable, as if he were desirous to have it thought men were made onely now and then to look one upon another: his Discourse (what there is of it) being so idle and impertinent, that it serves to no other end, then to exercise his tongue, and keep it by much motion voluble; lest for want of use he should in a short time (as he does by most good things) forget to speake. Sometimes you shall have a Complement from him, but huff'd up with so many hyperbolicall expressions of your worth, and of the incredible respects he has for your person, that you cannot chuse but suspect he only labours how to be disbelieved, or has learned of his Dogs how to fawne and flatter. And thus when he has made a shift to lose an hour or two, and to trouble his friends with much impertinent talke, he returns home againe to eat and play, and sleep, and spend the remainder of his time as idly as he can.

In

In a word, this sort of *Gentleman* borders so cloely upon him we first described, the *Gallant*; that I shall not need to say more of him, then only this, that he has some *degrees* lesse of *madnesse* then the other: he seems as yet but to *hang* about the *doors*, and has not gain'd an *admission* into the *Societies* of *Raunters*: Nor is this because he wants a *Genius* or *inclination* to evill in the generall, but rather he is beholding to *one vice* to keep him from *another*, and being wedded so much to *this*, is forced to abstaine from its *contrary*. Either he is *tyed* to his *Chest* with a *Golden Chain*, which will not allow him the liberty of *ranging* into so many *costly riots*: or else a *leaden dulnesse* so much oppresses his soul, that she cannot *Soare* so high in the vast *Region* of *Debauchery*: So that if you find him free from any *one vice*, he is to thanke the *contrary vice* and not the *vertue* for it: or at best, he owes it to an *Infirmity* of *Nature* that he is free from *both*.

Indeed for the most part this *Gentleman* is (as the *Philosophers* use to say of their *first matter*) though not perfectly formed into all those *noble qualifications* (as they are usually

usually miscall'd) of the Compleat Gallant yet is he, at least, in a remote disposition, all or any of them: As the Polypus is said to be alwaies of the same colour with the neighbouring object; or as the Looking-glass reflects as many different faces as are obtruded to its own superficies: So is this Gentleman not properly one, but any body; of the Religion, and the humour, and the fashion of his Companions, as near as his own weakness will permit him to imitate them. And this is it which commonly purchases him the repute of a Civil, a Courteous, an Affable, good-natured and sweet-disposition'd person. Only because he knows as little how to be angrie with a vice, as how to be guiltie of vertue. Such a Ductile, soft and Compliant soul he has, that as the Wax to the Seale, he would faine smile upon every man in his face, and speak with every one in his language: He Complements, and Praises, and Flatters, and performs all the offices of a Gentleman, as his shadow in the glasse, only by reflection. For a fair word he will part with his own soul, and with a fair word he does often occasion the ruine of many more: whilst he loves as much to flatter others up

in their wickednesse, as to be flattered up by others in his own. Say and do what you will (so you injure not his person or estate, nor rob him of his beloved ease) you are sure to have his approbation, and if for this he may have yours, he thinks it a reward and encouragement great enough. But I leave him.

§. 6. The Stately Gentleman.

There is yet another that challenges a room in this paper, and truly deserves his place as much as any: If he will not be angry, and in a rage swear to burn the paper, when he finds himself set in the last and lowest place, all's well enough. And this is that *Stately* and *Majestick* he, whom I dare hardly name, lest he should take it as an affront: for though he hunts after a name and reputation amongst all men, yet he looks upon it as a kind of disparagement of his virtues, and an undervaluing of his Honour, to hear his name from any mouth but his own. But most of all he esteems it prophaned, when mention'd by persons so *inconsiderable*, as all those of our *Colony*, unto such as himself

himself have ever appear'd.

This is he who thinks himself as much too good to be a *Christian*, as he thinks all *Christians* too mean to be accounted *Gentlemen*. His onely God is his *Honour*, and to give it something of a *Deitie*, he phancies it to be singular, and that there is none other besides it; when (alas!) this *Idol* too is just nothing. But such is the strange *Omnipotence* of *Pride* and *Ambition*, this *Gentleman* can first create to himself a *God* out of nothing, and then fall down and worship the idolized *vanitie* which his own ridiculous phancie has thus set up. That he does indeed more esteem this shadow then the true *God*, he too loudly affirms in all his *Oathes*; for when he intends what he saith shall unquestionably passe for serious and creditable, he swears by his *Honour* and *Reputation*: Other *Oaths* he hath enough, by the *Glorious Majestie* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, which are but too literally the burthen of his discourse; these (as we said of the *Gallant*) he uses not for confirmation of the truth, but as the sportive recreation of his tongue, and the graces and ornaments of good Language.

He it is, that (wheresoever he be) will see
that

that all men do their duties, but himselfe. And he doth something well herein, except, when by a proud mistake he call an unmerited respect to his owne supposititious vertues, the indispensable dutie. He looks that all men should observe as great a distance from his person, as he is resolved to do from their vertues; or as if already he were (where I wish by the much despised grace of humilitie he may at last be found) in heaven. He expects no lesse observance and reverence from his Tenants, then as if he were not only Lord but Creator of the Mannor: as though he would be thought as much master of the Universe, as he is the slave of his owne Ambition. He walks up and downe so wantonly and affectedly, as if he intended thereby principally to demonstrate to the world his great perfections and excellencie, that he must take much paines to do amisse. This Lordly Sir, so long as he can but get a cap and a knee from his Inferiours, and the chair at every meeting with his betters, he thinks that all the blessings of Heaven (though a Crowne of Glorie be one of them) can adde nothing to his Honour: Were it but for this one reason, he would never make it his businesse to come
thither,

thither, because he may justly despair of ever being the best man there. If it may be conferred upon him as an *honorary reward*, and upon the *meritorious* claim of his *virtues*, he will perhaps be content to weare the *Crowne*; but as a gift he scornes it, lest he should draw upon himselfe an obligation to the Donor by accepting it: And as his wages he scornes no lesse to acknowledge it, for as he has not by any labour earn'd it, so is he afraid to be look'd upon to his God in the relation of a *servant*.

In short, this Gentleman phancies himselfe endow'd with such a *transfigurative* excellencie, that (as the *Philosophers stone*, once found, should turne all things it touch'd into Gold) he supposes it able to turn all things into *Gentile* and *excellent* which he is in love with: All his *vices*, whatever deformitie the dull eye of the world apprehends to be in them, his *over-meaning humor* looks upon as no lesse then the most *absolute* of all *virtues*: and he conceits himselfe so *immovably* fixed and settled upon the highest *Pinacle* of *Honour*, that *basenesse* it selfe shall never have any power to *degrade* him. Thus ever conceiting himselfe placed at so great a height

light, it is no great wonder if he become
so giddy at length in all his actions; and
beholding others at so great a distance, I mar-
vel not, that he begins to see men like Moles
upon the earth, and to think them all so
blind, that they cannot discern his vanitie.
This indeed it is, that makes him thinke
neither Church nor State worth his regard-
ing; he can with dry eyes behold both vessels
split at once, and in the mean time flatter
himselfe up with the Diuellish hopes of
Enriching his Ambition by the miserable
Wrack.

This is he, that think it no injustice to
rob the whole world, and rife the store-house
of Nature to adorne his Body and humour
his Palate; to wear the portions and live-
lihoods of (I know not how many) Orphans
and Widdows in a Band-string; and carry the
lives and fortunes of many languishing souls
upon his little finger. I wish that whilst
hee casts so scornfull an eye upon these
poor naked Beggars, he would but seriously
consider how many of their contemptible
rags he hath picked up together, to patch up
all that braverie upon his own back; whilst
either his oppression occasion'd, or his un-
cha-

charitablenesse prolong'd their *lamentable* condition. He makes indeed almost the whole *creation club* to maintaine his *Ambition*, and returns a *derision* in requitall.

This Gentlemans chiefe *pastime* and *sport*, whereby he makes himselfe *merrie*, is to laugh at two sorts of men, the Godly and the Poore, the one as a *Pracision*, and he that has unmann'd himselfe by too much *Religion*; the other as the *out-cast* of *fortune*, or a man intended by *Nature* for nothing else, but by his *labour* to make him *rich*, and by his *ignorance* to make him *merrie*. The *Black-coat* or *Parson* (for by these names he thinks he does sufficiently pay the *Divine* and *Scholar*) he ever looks upon with as much *Superciliousnesse* and *disdain*, as if the very colour of his *Coat* were odious, and an *Eye-sore* to him, or as if because *shame* and *fear* keep him from *immediate* and *direct* *Blasphemie*, he were resolved to expresse his spleen against God himselfe, by despighting his *servants*. He is seldome or never his *Auditor* but when he has a mind to *sleep*, or is disposed to be *merrie*; and then he comes to Church and there worships God just as he honours his *Ministers* out of it: Nay he is unwilling

unwilling to allow his God that *ordinarie civilitie*, which and much more he expects from his owne *Chaplain*, that of a *Cap* and a *Knee*: Or if his *breeding* have taught him more *manners*, then his *piety* has *reverence*, then shall all his *Religion* be put up into this one poore *ceremony*, and so he makes his *worship* all one with his *complement*.

This is he, whose intolerable *pride* makes every thing that is not the very *basest* kind of *flatterie*, passe for an *Affront*, and an high piece of *Disrespect* unto his *Person*. For this immediately he studies a *revenge*, which he has lean'd to call a necessary *vindication* of his *Honour*. What excellent *Chymistrie* is there in such deluded *Nobility*, which can *extract* a *Spirit* of *Honour* out of the very *dunghill* of *unworthinesse*; and find so admirable a *sweetnesse*, in that which cannot be thought better than the very *Ordure* and *Excrement* of *Ambition*, *Malice* and *Envie*, I mean *Revenge*. Let but the least *circumstance* of that *respect*, he supposes due, be omitted, and presently there flies out a *Challenge*, and for the most part so *vauntingly* worded, as if he meant his *breath* or his *Ink* should do more *execution* than his *sword*.

By this means he makes his first *thrust* at his adversaries very *heart*, that so he may wound his *courage* before they *meet*, and cause his *heart* to *faile* him before the *Encounter*; for this indeed is often the onely way his *last mentioned temeritie* uses to leave him, for the securing of his *Reputation*. But if so be his *courage* stand upon the same *level*, with his *Ambition*, 'tis nothing but the *death* or *disgrace* of his *Antagonist*, will assuage his *fury*; in the *field* therefore he often sends his *body* to the *Grave*, and his owne *Soule* to *Hell* at a blow. This is his *Gallantrie*, and this the necessary *vindication* of his *Honour*, which is so tender, that every thing, except it have in it the unworthy *softnesse* of the most *servile compliances* with his owne *unconstant humour*, *rends*, *spots*, or *grieves* it: and which nothing can *wash clean*, or make *whole* again, but the *heart-blood* of him who darst give the *Affront*.

I hope he will not take it as such, if I make bold here to take my leave of him; I have neither *leisure* nor *patience* to trace him through the wild *Labyrinth* of his *Pride*, wherein he has long ago with no small *complacency* lost himselfe, and all things which
 looke

looke like *vertue*. I wish all men, whom he studies to *provoke* into a *madness* equall with his *own*, may ever have that high *charity* for this *Gentleman*, which I have now; then should they *answer* all his *challenges* with this *prayer*, that God would give him more *courage*, then to suffer himselfe to be thus basely *affronted*, and *domineer'd* by so *dangerously* insulting a *Passion*, without the least *Essay* towards the *just vindication* of that *Name* and *Honour* which alone are *valuable*.

S. 7. The conclusion of this part.

I should as much *tyre* you (Sir) as my selfe, should I *run*. (though with never so much *hast*) over all the particulars of the *Gentleman's* *vanity* and *madness*; which are so *inseparably*, for the most part, *intwoven* one within another, that I feare I may already seem too *absurd*, by dividing them into so many *Sects* and *Species*. The plaine truth is, *Vice* seemes to be that very *blood* which *Gentility* so much *boasts* of; that which conveys it selfe through all the *Gentlemans* *veins*; and is dispersed into all the severall

members of the body, in a measure suitable to the *capacitie* of each. Or rather you may call it the *common-soul* which *informs*, & *actuates* the whole body of Gallantrie; and which is *communicated* to the particular members thereof, not by an *excretion*, or *distribution* of parts and degrees, but (to borrow once more the *Philosophers* phrase, it is *wholly* in the *whole*, and *wholly* in every part of the *whole*. If the great *variety* and *diversitie* of operations will yet needs plead for a further *distinction*, we must say, what we use to say of the *various* *actings* of the *same* soule. This *diversitie* ariseth not from a *multiplicity* of *Souls* and *Principles*, but from the many *powers* and *faculties* of that one soule, and the *various* *dispositions* and *qualities* of the *Materiall* *Organs*.

Really, Sir, the *Gentleman* we have hitherto spoken of, is but the more *curious* and *costly* *instrument* of *sin*, and would appeare such a *breathlesse* thing without it, that a man might wel question whether or no he would be found an *animated* *being*. For ought that I can yet discover, he has no more *motions* then what *vice* gives him, excepting that which he expresses when he is *asleep*, which
(setting

(setting aside his *excesse* therein) is almost the *only* thing wherein hee looks like a man.

To give you therefore the *Conclusion* of this whole *Character*; call him *any thing*, but what he *would* be call'd; and you can hardly *miscall* him; for indeed he is almost *any thing* but what he *would* be thought to be. A *Gentile* thing, made to weare fine cloathes, and throw away much *money*: to *eat* the *best*, and *drinke* the *best*, and *doe* the *worst*: one that seemes to have beene sent into the world, to help *away* with the *superfluities* of *Nature*; and by his *Intemperance* to devour all those *temptations* which might *allure others* to the like *sin*. He knows no *shame* but that which arises from *singularity*, nor any *singularity*, but in *doing* and *living well*.

§. 8. A more particular application
of this *Character* to our present
English Gentleman.

It has, alas, been but too true in all Ages, that to be *Great*, and to be *Good*, are *two*: and never was there more undeni-

able demonstration of this truth, then in the present Gentleman of England; to the no lesse dishonour of the whole Nation, then disparagement of his own name in particular. Whilest there is nothing more his talke and his boasting, then his blood, and his breeding; and yet nothing lesse his care then to dignifie the one, or make a right use of the other. How few of those Gentlemen have we now to show, who dare make it their business, and their glorie to be serviceable to their God, their Countrey, or the Church; or that have breasts full of that Heroick courage and magnanimitie, that may embolden them to renounce a sin that is profitable, or in fashion? How rarely are the men to be met with, who indeed have a reall sense, of any thing but their Meat, their Drinke, their Apparell, and their Game? Except you will instance in some of their most notorious vices wherein indeed they do too rarely emulate, and labour to outvie each other.

Heretofore when this shatter'd Nation was a well cemented Kingdome, and enjoy'd those (then slighted, but now much desired) blessings of peace and plenty; how by a scandalous abuse of those great mercies did the

Gentleman

Gentleman even dare Almighty God to punish him or his Nation! And now that a sad and long experience of their Contraries has made him feel, though he will not yet be truly sensible of, the lamentable consequences and effects of his former bold wickednesses: how does he instead of *confessions*, *petitions* and *vowes*, draw up, as it were, his *Remonstrances* against his God, and wages an open warre with Heaven, endeavouring to force the Almighty unto a composition, & that upon the most unacceptable termes in the world? It is too manifest (alas) to any eye, how little holinesse has beene the Product of those Judgements which have doubtlesse among other sins, been the especial punishments of the Gentlemans *Luxurie* and *prophaneness*. We heare him indeed very frequently crying out upon these *sad times*, but too seldome reflecting upon those much worse men who occasion'd them. Like a churlish Dog, snarling at him that beats him, but never considering whose the fault was that caused the beating. I know not, I confesse, what should make the Gentleman so *Atheisticall* in all his Actions, as either formerly he has beene, or now is; Except

God's *mercy* on the one hand perswaded him he could never be *provoked* unto *Judgement*; or his *Judgements* on the other that he can never be *reconciled* in *mercy*, except he dares thinke the *benefits* he formerly enjoyed greater then a just God could possibly conter upon so *unworthy* a *sinner*: or the present *Judgements* he now smarts under, rather the *crossness* of an unkind *Fortune*, than the *tokens* of an incensed *wrath* of an *Angry God*. Whence else should he be either so *stupid* or *unnatural*, as neither to live *thankfully* under the *former*, nor *penitently* under the *latter*.

§. 9. *The Winner and the Loser in these Times.*

I find *two* sorts of such *Gentlemen*, one is the *Winner*, the other is the *Loser*, in this late *game* (for indeed we have all along *sported* our selves in our own *miseries*) which has been *plaid* in *England*.

The *former* of these thinks himselfe much too *happy* already, to become now *holy*. The fortunate *successse* which he hath had in his *sins*, makes him onely *repent* that he practised
sed

sed them no sooner; and the taking away of Religious pretences, makes him sorry for nothing but that he was no earlier an Hypocrite: It is a very sad thing to consider what foule tricks this Politick Jugler every day plaies behind the glorious hangings, of these Religious pretences: what deadly poysons he has sent abroad into the world in this perfumed breath. This Gentlemans onely Religion is his Art of Dissimulation; the faire gilt which makes his Copper Coyn to passe so currently. O what a chargeable commodity has this Legerdemaine beene to our little world! whilst they who have it, purchased it at no lower rate, then that of all sincerity and honesty; and they that will live safe by them, must become as very Knaves as themselves. That garment of Religion which is now worne, and in Fashion with these men, is of a very slight stufte, and indeed by long wearing and often picking is so very full of diversly colour'd patches, that it is hard to say which is that, which belong'd at first to the whole: And whence is all this, but from the Gentlemans scorning the good and strong lining of Morallitie, (so much now a daies decried by the most) which

which would have held all much longer together : He is the onely *Saint* in the world (if you will believe himselfe) and the *Morall-man* is no companion for him. O how many faire *Estates* and glorious *Churches* has this mans *furions zeale* reduced to *ashes* ? and yet, alas, the long promised *Phœnix* of *Reformation* appeares not yet. How many *Palaces* and *Temples* has his *Pietie* defaced ? How many rich *treasuries* has his *selfe-deniall* plunder'd ? And whence all this, but because *Robberie* and *Sacriledge* are much more profitable appendages of his *Religion*, then the more costly *formalities*, and expensive *superstitions* of the other ? To how many *Sons of Rebellion* has that one plausible pretence of *Christian libertie*, by this Gentleman, been made the *Mother* ? And yet for all this is our *Freedom* but still in *Idea*, and our happinesse a *Phancie*.

How dearly has the *Church* paid for the *New coining* of this *Language*, and refining his *prophaneness* and *Ribaldrie* into *disimulation* and *canting* ? O what an enriching commodity is *hypocricie*, which has set up so many broken *tradesmen* in the world complete *Gentlemen* ? And extracted our most refined

refined Nobilitie out of the very drosse of the people! Indeed if to be rich be to be a gentleman; if to be craftie be to be prudent; if to dissemble be the high way to be Sained; and to be fortunate the sole felicitie, which terminates the hopes, and must crowne the endeavours of a Christian: if the feares and cowardice of foals and sinners, and the scorne and pitie of the wise and good, will make a man truly honourable, who hath no foundation of his owne whereon to build a Reputation, then is this prosperous and thriving Gentleman, and none but such as he, the true Gentleman of our Nation.

But the Gentleman on the losing side will, I know, thinke it too much (as well he may) that another should grow so Honourable at his cost and charges, and give him so few thanks for his Honour when he has it. He is no lesse troubled to thinke how he shall yeild him so much honour now, then he was to part with his estate to him a while agoe. But then, alas, what does this Gentleman, who (with no small passion calls himselfe a looser, towards the regaining of what he has lost? truly just the same, which at first occasioned the losse it selfe: as if not being Evil, but

but *evill* to a *lesse degree* had been the *only cause* of all his sufferings; and the way to remove his *afflictions* were to be ten times *more* a *sinner* than *before*: He so behaves himselfe under the *correcting* hand of God as if he thought, the mercifull God did *only chastize* his *children* to make them *cry* and *complaine* of his unkindnesse, not at all to make them *sensible* of their *errors*, or forsake their *wickednesse*. Certainly such *representments* of Gods dealings with us is a *stubborne*, not a *penitence*; and such a *preposterous* improvement of Gods *deserved* judgements, is the way to provoke him unto *more* and *greater*, not to *perswade* him to withdraw the *lesse* and *lighter*. O that the *suffering* Gentleman would but seriously thinke of this! who growes daily (as 'tis visible in all his actions) *worse* by *correction*; and only *swears* at, and *curses* his oppressors, instead of *fasting* and *praying* for the pardon of his *offences*. He takes it to be an undeniable *priviledge* of *Loosers* to *talk* what they *list*, though never so *prophane*: and looks upon this *time* of his sorrowes as the *chiefe* *opportunitie* of serving himselfe, and easing his heart by all kinds of *merriment*; and therefore

fore he makes hast to drinke and play away the *cares* and the scant *reliques* of his *estate* together. Neither yet can I believe he would be halfe so bad as he is, were it not more in *opposition* to his *enemie*, then out of love to his owne *vices*. He often abhors and abstaines from the vices of *other men*, not (as good Christians doe) for the *sinnes* sake, but for the *sinners*; from *whom* he endeavours to set himselfe at such a distance, that he never rests till he be gotten into the contrary extreme, and often into the more *scandalous*, though not alwayes the more *dangerous* of the two. As if *vice* could have no *opposite* but of its owne name, nor any meanes were left him to become one way better then his adversaries, but by being another way worse. Was the former an *Hypocrite*? He, lest he should be thought so too, will be openly *prophane*. If the one will not *swear* or *kisse* the *Booke* when called to it by a *lawfull* *Authoritie*; the other to be *crossed*, will *swear* a thousand *idle oathes* against Gods expresse *command*. Thus betwext them doe they labour to show the world what a *Latitude* there is in *Atheisme*.

I might to these very seasonably here adde a third person, one that has play'd his Cards so well, that he is neither Loser nor Winner in this sad game. One, who (I am sure) has done as little good, as he thinks he has done hurt to any body: who still makes a shift to lie lurking in some hole or other till the sport (as he calls it, whilst it touches not him) may be over, so he can but sleep in a whole skin, and with a full purse, he takes no thought how the world goes: What my thoughts are of this quiet Soule, I shall have told you sufficiently by saying thus much, he loves his ease and safety better than his God. If you desire to read him more at large, I must intreat you to cast your eye a little back, and with the *Provident, Prudent or Peaceable Gentleman*, you will be sure to find him.

§. 9. *How good English men such Gentlemen are.*

And now (Sir) how much reason the poore Church or Kingdome of England has to brag of her Gentry, I thinke I have abundantly told you. Her richest Sons do not
alwaies

alwaies prove the most affectionate and *Naturall* to their *Disconsolate Mother*. But indeed daily aggravate her *griefe* and *sorrow*, by their *prodigall courses*, and most *barbarous* behaviour. What do they lesse then with the *ungratefull Mule*, hourly kick at the *paps* which gave them *suck*? And with the *bloody Tyrant*, whose *Character* it was, to be a *lump of dirt kneaded up together in blood*, they have *torne out the very Bowels* of a most *compassionate* and *indulgent Mother*. Our *Church* may very well *complaine* of some who would be thought her own *Sons*, as *God* of his *ungratefull people* of *old*, *She has brought up Children* and they have *rebelled against her*, and among all the *sons* she has *nursed up*, there is none to *pitty her* or *lead her by the hand*. When they were *full* and *waxen fat*, then they *forgot God*; and now that some of them are *lean* enough, nay as the *fat kine* in *Pharaohs vision*, even *eaten up* of the very *leanest cattle* in the *Nation*; yet being so many wayes *smitten* they do but *revolt more and more*. It will be a *mercie* rather then a *judgement*, if *God* vouchsafe to *smite them once againe*.

Thus, whilest one is *ignorant* and *can do nothing*,

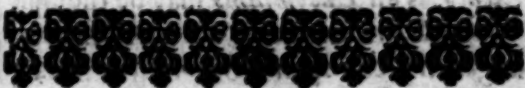
nothing, another *Lazie* and will do nothing, a third *Cowardly* and dare do nothing: whilest one is so *prudent* he thinks it no *wisdom*, another so *covetous* he holds it not *providence*, a third so *Lordly* he accounts it *below* him to doe any thing but what may foment his own sinfull inclinations: Whilest one is too *voluptuous*, another too *worldly*, a third too *ambitious*; whilest one has a *Wife*, another a *Farne*, a third a *Dog*, and the fourth a *Pot*; It will ever either *misbecome* their *dignitie*, or *cross* their *interest*, or *hinder* their *calling*, or *injure* their *Familie*, or *thwart* their *humours* (and indeed *there's* the *main let* of all the rest) to follow *Christ*, or take care of his *Spouse*. God give them *grace* betimes to *love her* better, in whose *armes* alone they can hope to be *safe* from the roaring *Lion*; and to abandon those *Dalilaes* which so long as they *court*, they can neither *love Her*, nor secure themselves! In a word, I shall put up for them a *short* prayer but a *full* one, if they would but understand it — God make them all such as *Gentlemen* should be! And what that is, I shall now endeavour, to the best of my skill, to tell you: though both for want of

Age and breeding, I must necessarily come as far short of him I would describe, as I have been all this while above that other, whom our Nation had been more happy, never to have known. The Gentlemans virtues are as much above my reach, as the Gallants braveries below his imitation.



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SECT. 3.





SECT. III.

The True Gentleman.

§. 1. *An Apologetical Introduction.*

BEing now (Sir) to give you the *True Gentlemans* character, you might very justly expect to meet with *something truly like the Subject, High and Noble*. He is indeed too sacred a thing to be touched by so common a Pen; every slip whereof can be deemed no lesse then a profanation of his worth, who is the liveliest image which God has left us of himselfe upon any of his *Creatures*. However, seeing where there is so venerable an *Excellency*, as all *Encomiums* may be thought *Folly and Presumption*, so can silence be judged no lesse then a *Sacrilege*: seeing we use to offer unto *Heaven*, not so much what we owe, as what we may: I think it much

much better becomes me to say that *little I can*, then just *nothing*; and to tell you, if not what the Gentleman is, yet at least *so much* of his *greatness*, as falls to my *share* to *understand*. I had much rather be censured for committing such a *pious error*, then be condemned for the wilful omission of so *necessary a duty*. I dare not suspect the Gentleman's goodness to be of a *lesse extent* than my ignorance; and therefore I doubt not but he can pardon as *often* as I through *weakness* shall offend. Where I *erre*, let him think it was the *brightness* of my subject which *dazled* my eyes & occasioned me to *stumble*. Where my expressions fall *low* and *flat*, I do beg of him, that he would impure it to that *Reverence* which I bear unto his *virtues*, which commands my *pen* to keep its *Distance*.

I hope you will not blame me for this *Apologie*, for I would gladly *keep off* as long as I can, when I cannot *draw nigh* without a *necessity of erring*. Even in this short *Preamble* you may be pleased to read *something* of the Gentleman's Character, to wit, such a *Greatness*, as commands a *Distance*, and *Reverence*, and such a *candour* as can

pardon a failing, and (which is indeed the summe of all I have to say) such a *Man* as is truly a Gentleman. Which name speaks all that bears a contrariety to the thing we lately spoke of, whose very name is such a compleat Summary of all Vices, that there is but one thing left to denominate the true Gentleman; I mean, an absolute a Combination of all virtues. All which I can confer to his Character, will amount to no more then an imperfect paraphrase upon his Name; and as much as I understood of this, take as follows.

S. 2. *His general Character.*

The True Gentleman is one, that is as much more, as the false one is less, then what to most he seems to be. One who is alwaies so far from being an hypocrite, that he had rather appear in the eyes of others just nothing, then not be every thing which is indeed truly virtuous and noble. He is a man whom that most Wise King, he best resembles, has fitted with a Character. A man of an excellent spirit. This is he whose brave and noble soul soars high above the

ordinarie reach of mankind; that he seems to be a distinct species of himself. He scorns so much the vices of the world, that he will hardly stoop to a virtue which is not Heroick; or if he do, it is by his good improvement of it to make it so. He is one to whom all honour seems cheap; which is not the reward of virtue: and he had much rather want a name then not deserve it.

This Gentleman is indeed a person truly great, because truly good; His Honour is of too excellent a nature to be supposed the Creature of any thing besides his own virtues; and those virtues too eminent to be esteemed less then the most refined actions of so great a soul. He is no lesse the glory of mankind then man the glory of the whole sublunary Creation. One that would every way deservedly be accounted more then what is humane, were not one part of him mortal; however it is his first care and endeavour to make this mortal part of him such, as may make it apparent to the world, how great an Excellencie may be the companion of so much frailtie.

Till he may be so happy as to enjoy the Heaven he hopes for, he does what he can to

be an *Heaven* to himself, and by his extraordinary pains, so beautifies his soul with all *Caelestial* accomplishments, that he needs onely die to be in *Heaven*, and seems to want nothing of those glorious Spirits which dwell there, but onely to be without a *body* and as high as they.

He looks upon himselfe whilest in this world as no more then a *Probationer* in the *School of Honour*, and makes it his business so to behave himself at present, that he may be sure of an *admission* into that true *Honour* (when the *Day* comes) which will be as certain and durable, as true and great. Well knowing that the onely way to be *Lord of many things*, is to be faithful in these few wherewith he is now intrusted.

His Soul is so truly great and Capacious, that nothing but an *Heaven* and *Eternity* can fill it: so nobly high are all his thoughts, that he is ever aiming at a *Crown*: So active and mounting his holy *Ambition*, that it disdaineth to perch longer then a breathing space, upon the most exalted spine of all *Sublunary Glories*. He is so thoroughly sensible of the *Caelestial Nature* of his Soul, that

that (did he not thinke it one great part of his happinesse, to suffer any kind of miserie in submissiō to his God) he could not think his life lesse then one continued torment; and so long a detention here upon the earth, a meere restraint and confinement from all comfort and blisse.

As for the blessings of this world, he looks upon them, as the child should do upon his farthings or his counters, small things, indulged him for the recreation, not the busynesse of his soule. Yet (such a good housewife is verue) he reaps no small advantage to himselfe, for these subordinate enjoyments; which by their frequent consenages perswade him more to be in love with what's both more precious & more usefull. Knowing that his Mansion is prepared in Heaven, he can esteem the world no better then the handsome frontispiece to that most glorious building; where he be'olds a great many fine flattering objects, and prettie curiosities both of Art and Nature; but all's no more than an earnest and kind invitation to him to enter in and possesse those unspeakably excellent Mansions, which these things so dimly shadowed out unto

his eye; these well dressed dainties which he enjoyes here, he dares but taste at most, to prepare him an appetite; he intends to feast himselfe in Heaven.

To give you the *summe* of what I thinke of him in the generall: He is every way so much more then a man, that he is no less in all things then himselfe. One whose rare excellencies are such, as would make us believe his breeding had been amongst the Angels in another world; rather than amongst Gentlemen here in this and that he were only lent us a while, an universall pattern for Mankind to imitate; And to let us see how much of Heaven (if we will receive it) may dwell upon earth. He is so refined from all Mixture of our Courser Elements, as if he were absolutely Spiritualized before his time; if ever he were proud of any thing, it was of being the Conquerour of that, and all other Vices. He scornes and is ashamed of nothing but Sin. He lives in the world as one that intends to shame the world out of love with it selfe: & he is therefore singular in all his Actions, not because he affects to be so, but because he cannot meet with company like himselfe to make him

him otherwise. In a word, he is such, that (could we want him) it were pittie but that he were in Heaven; and yet I pittie not much his continuance here, because he is alreadie so much an Heaven to himself.

§. 3. *His chief Honour and Dignitie.*

His first Honour in this world, is to be born the most noble of Gods creatures here below: His next is to live one of his most Obedient and laborious servants, like those above: His greatest to die his beloved Son, that so he may reign with him for ever. It was the Honour of his Infancie only, to have Noble Parents; It is the Honour of his riper years, that he can imitate their Virtues, and it will be the Crown of his Old-Age to be as good a Father as his own; Blood and Birth stood him instead, when his tender years had not yet render'd him capable of virtues and worth. When he comes to Age he Enters upon his Honour, not as upon his estate, by the will or title of his Ancestors, but by the claim of his merits, looking upon it not as his lot or inheritance, but as his choise and purchase. He has an especiall care that

that his *Honour* and his *Person* may both *live* and *grow up*, but never *die together*. He accounts it much *below* a person of his *quality* to owe all that *respect* which is given him when he is a man, to his full *Coffers*; or all the *Reverence* which is paid him when an *old man*, to his *gray haire*: But he so provides for his *Honour*, that whatever *respect* is offered him, may be esteemed a *debt* and not a *Present*; and that his *future goodnesse* may not be thought the *Product* of the *Old*, but rather an *obligation* to *New respects*: Such he *civilly* accepts when paid him, but *seldome* challenges when *delay'd* or *withheld*: so far I mean, as they concerne his *Person*, not his *Office*. For though it be one *Honour* to *deserve*, yet is it another *contentedly* to *want* them. He needs never go *abroad* to *seeke* himselfe, and therefore he hearkens with more *safety* to his *own conscience*, then the *peoples acclamations*; and he had much rather *know* himselfe *Honourable*, then be *told* that he is so.

His highest *ambition* is to be a *favourite* in the *Court of Heaven*; and to this end his *policy* is to become not a *great* but a *new* Man:

Man: and to dresse up himself in all those *Spiritual Ornaments*, which may make his soul truly amiable in the eyes of the great King. He considers how that he owes himself unto God, as he is his *Creature*; and he endeavours to discharge that *old Debt*, by a most earnest and importunate suite for *New favours*, everpraying that God would make him fit to serve him, by making him first a *New Creature*. He could never yet think the *Old man* fit to make a *Courtier of Heaven*, and therefore he uses to walk in his *white Robe*, and his *wedding garments*, that so he may be admitted into the *Kings Presence*. He furnisheth himself betimes with such *Apparel* as this, and he fits and settles it to his Soul before hand, knowing that the longer it is worn, the more splendid it grows, and the more it is used, the longer it will last; the onely way to wear it out, is, not to wear it at all: but having once attired himself in this habit, now every day is with him an *Holy-day*, and he is henceforward every where at Court.

But that which he esteems his great *Honor* indeed, is this, that he can with confidence and truly, call God his *Father*, his *Saviour*, his

his *Friend* and his *Brother*, the *Church* his *Mother*, and the *Angels* his fellow *servants*. Such *Parents*, such *Kindred*, such *company* he may safely boast of; but this he does no other way, then by his *obedience* and *gratitude*. He behaves himself as a *Kings* son ought to do, that is, he does nothing misbecoming his *Birth* and *Dignitie*.

§ 4. His Out-side and Apparel.

If we may spare so much time from the contemplation of those *richer* Excellencies of his *inner man*, as to take notice of his *outside*, we may there behold the *Ingenuous Embleme* of his *better self*: so much good care he takes that there be nothing found about him, but what may speak him indeed a *Gentleman*; and present you (so far as the matter will bear it) with the fair picture of a *noble Mind*. He would gladly so polish and adorn his *Body*, as becomes the *lodging* of so great a *Soul*. He looks upon it as a thing onely so far deserving his care and pains, as it is a necessary *Instrument* of her operations: and yet he rather could wish himself (might it so be) freed from the
cumber some

number some companie of his flesh, because it proves often so great a clog and hindrance to the more active and vigorous inclinations of his better part. So long as he is confined to his *Tabernacle of Clay*, he makes the best that can be made of a *Necessary Evil*: so feeding his Body that it may have strength enough to serve his Soul; and so cloathing it, that the other part may be kept from freezing, and fit for more sprightly actings. Indeed he never makes much of his earthly part, but in subserviency to his Spiritual; that so he may the better, as he is commanded, *Glorifie God both with Body and Soul which are his.*

Hence is it, that you may alwaies observe in his *Habit*, such a gravitie as becoms a *Christian*; and yet such a decencie as becoms a *Gentleman*. He chuses rather to have his distinction from other men founded in his virtues, then in his cloaths. Herein he shows that he looks more after what's serviceable and useful, then what's pleasing and fashionable. So much curiositie he has, as not to be slaventie: and so little, as it cannot show that he is vain or wanton. He had rather have his Apparrel rich than

gandie

Gandie, and yet rather warm than rich. It is neatnesse not braverie, a decent not a gorgeous attire, which, next unto what's useful, he aims at.

In every Saite he buys, he hath as great a regard to the poor mans necessities, as to his own humour, and makes choice of that cloath or stuff which may please God hereafter upon the Beggars back, more then what he knows may now flatter the wanton eye of the World upon his own. He hath much better thoughts of *Virtue*, then to hope his fine cloaths may gain him a respect where that could not; nay on the other side, he knows that Goodnesse is enough of it selfe, to advance the Rag above the Robe, and a Leathern Cap above the golden Diadem.

He pities the unskilful wantonnesse of the world, which alwaies (as Children and Fools use to do) sets an higher value upon the varnish and the gilded frame, then on the lively features and excellent Art in the rich piece they adorn: and calls it a blindness, at least, a weak sight, which cannot behold a virtue, but as we do a dull picture through the glistening Glass of Vanitie. He esteems

esteems his penny in the poor mans purse a much greater Ornament, then a fair Plume in his own Hat. Neither knows he how he may with a good conscience wear that, which might be made many poor mans livelihood (as too many now love to do) in a Band and a pair of Cuffs. He is more pleas'd to see his own cloaths cover anothers nakedness, then displaying his lusts: and thinks it more honourable to wear the charitie then the *braverie*.

If this Place or Office challenge an *Habit* above his desires, by what he is forced to do, he shows what he would chuse to do; & most lively expresses his singular humilitie, in his necessitated gallantry: showing how he can condescend even to any thing, so it be innocent; though by a Conformity contrary to his natural inclinations. And even herein he takes care to provide himselfe such Apparel, that his cast suite (as we call it) may not be quite cast away; and to this end he chuses rather to swagger in Gold then Tinsell, in Cloath, then Stuff: that so it may be sullied before it be torn, and unfit for him to wear, before it be worn out; and when most becoming the poverty and mean condition

condition of another, *when* it shall be below the *State* and *Dignity* of his *Place* and *Person*.

It is most certain (and the Gentleman knows it as well) that the *Temper* and *Disposition* of the *Soul*, is no way better *Discernable*, then through the *Habit* and *garb* of the *Bodie*: He that longs after *New fashions*, will not be backwards in embracing *New Religions*: both proceeding from one & the same dangerous *Principle*, an *inconstancy* of *mind*, and a *desire* of *Novelty*. The *True Gentleman* knows it by *experience*, that where there is no *levity* in the *thoughts*, there appears no *alteration* in the *Body*; where no *inconstancy* and *Pride* of *Soul*, there's no *change* or *flaunting* in the *cloaths*. And therefore that the world may know that he has a *fixed* and *resolved* *soul*, he has one *constant* *garb* and *Attire*: and he will never yeild that to be *out of fashion*, which is both *Serviceable* and *Frugal*. Alas, the poor *Body* (he knows) desires nothing but what may preserve it *alive* and in *health*. It is the *lascivious* *soul* which calls for all those other *superfluities*: and the *Gentleman* accounts it below him to gratifie his *lusts* and

and to be at so vast an expence to cloath his Humour. He could never, since he was a child, play with a Feather, or think himself happy in the glistering of a Lace, or Ribband. He leaves these Toxes to those silly Creatures, who are resolved to continue for ever in their childhood or infancie, and dare to be so foolish, as to think a broad Band and a flaunting Cuff, as necessary as Heaven. He can think himself a man without such a vanitie, and know himself a Gentleman without any such mark or braverie: alwaies wearing such cloaths, as his Bodie may in old age have good reason to blesse the moderation of his Soul, and the needie may have no lesse cause to pray for the health of his Body.

§. 5. His Discourse and Language.

When you hear him speak, you will think that he intends no lesse, then to give you a raft of his Soul at every word: Nor indeed is it possible you should in any thing plainlier discover the noblenesse of his Spirit then in his sweet breath, so divinely moulded into most excellent discourse. Every
I word

word he speaks, speaks him, and gives you a fair Character at once both of his *Abilities* and his *Breeding*.

If you respect the *Quality* of his Discourse, it is *Grave* and *Noble*, *Serious* and *Weighty*, and yet alwaies rather what is fit to be spoken, than what he is able to speak. His words are most *Proper* and *Genuine*, but not affected; His Phrase *high* and *lofty*, but not *Bombastick*; His sentences *close* and *full* but not *obscure* and *confused*. His Discourse is neither *flashy* nor *flat*, neither *Boysish* nor *Effeminate*, neither *Rude* nor *Pedantick*; It is alwaies *Seber*, yet *Ingenuous*, *Virile*, *strong* and *masculine*, yet *smooth* and *winning*: He loves a *smooth* expression, but not a *soft* one: a *smart* or *witty* saying, but without a *Clinch* or *Jingle*. His words are those which his matter will best bear, not such as his *Phancie* would readiest suggest. No poor half-starved *Jests*, no dry insipid *Quibbles* can get any room in his *Rhetorick*; hardly a word in all, but what hath his *Emphasis*, nor any sentence without his full weight.

If you would eye the *Quantity* of his speech, it is not *Long* but *Full*, not *Much* but

but *Grin*: He speaks not alwayes, but when he speaks he saies All. He as often shewes how well he can be silent, as how well he can speak; and others alwayes love more to hear him talk, then he himselfe. He makes no lesse use of his Ear in all companies, then of his Tongue; and by his serious hearkening to the more impertinent discourses of his Companions, plainly proves he has no lesse *Patience* than *Rhetorick*. He makes it evident, that he has his *ragas* (that *unruly Beast* in most mens mouths) as much at at his *Command* as his *Wis*, and that he is able to make both *soft*, as well as both *stee* at his pleasure.

His sayings are never long or tedious, but they alwayes reach home; and he will very seldome take any thing lesse then a *Necessity*, for an *Opportunity* of speaking. But then usually he delivers all with that facility and perspicuity, as if his words were not the *cleft* and *voluntary*, but the *ready* and *natural* emanations of his Soul. No *Passions* shall at any time more disturb the Order of his words, then it can Cloud the Serenity of his forehead. He cannot make himself merry, much lesse proud, with his own

Inventions: nor does he ever catch at the applause, but aims at the Edification of his Auditors.

☞ If you will look upon the *matter* and *substance* of his discourse, you shall see, in alwaies what he *finds*, not what he *makes*: not what he supposes may afford the *sump* field for his *Phancy* and *Invention* to roare in, but the *best Garden* of such choise *fruits* as the *Stomachs* (not the *Palats* onely) of his company shall be best able to bear. Or such as may prove most *Medicinal*, when seasonably applied to the several *diseases* of those that *bear* him. These he alwaies studies rather to *heal* then *discover*, and yet rather to *discover* than *flatter*. Hence he often distributes amongst them the bitter as well as the sweet, and rather that which may *nourish*, than what may *please*.

☞ And yet here it is, if ever, that he acts the part of the *Tempter*: for he makes even the sourest Apple (which he knows to be *wholsome*) so pleasant to the *eye*, that he *seduces* such as need it, by a *Pious Friend*, into a real love of what *naturally* they most *hate*. Indeed the onely way which for the most

part in such company is left him to prevent the loss of his own time, is to make others with whom he converses gainers by his society: and he does his utmost endeavour, that every one that hears him, may by what they hear, either gain a virtue, or lose a vice.

This is it, which makes him very careful to avoid, whatsoever might rationally be supposed able to vitiate either his own discourse or the minds of his Auditors. And very good reason he has to be more cautious in this respect than other men, seeing the most odious vice from his Language would gain so great a Loveliness as would probably make it one of the strongest temptations. But his Rhetorick has too sweet a face to be made the Mother or Midwife to any thing that has the monstrous shape of Sinne: he should souly Adulterate so great Purity, who should go about to match it with any thing lesse than Piety and Virtue.

Obloquy and Scurrility are too deformed and wry-faced, to gain any place in his affections: He that is able, when he will, to create to himselfe a Reputation not inferior

to the highest *scorn* as much, as he needs little to rob any other man of his: His fingers are too cleane to be soul'd by throwing dirt in other mens faces. He is as much afraid to discover a blemish in another man's eye, as he is to suffer a greater in his owne; and will rather *charitably* condescend to lye out the Mote with his tongue, then deridingly to talke of it. He holds it too much below a man to employ his Nails in vetting an old sore, and scratching till he makes new one. He leaves it to Dogs and Ravens to prey upon Carrion. Alas, it is a very hungry wit, which is faine to feede upon such *nauseous* dyet. Other mens infirmities, especially if naturall or accidentall, are much more the objects of his Charity and Pity, then of his Merriment and Derision. He judges it a *crackly* proper to weaknesse alone to *Murther* the Sick; no true *ingeniuitie* can be so *barbarous* as to sport it selfe in the misfortunes of the *Miserable*. He esteems that (as well he may) a meer *Dwarfish* wit which cannot tell how to shew it selfe to the world but by *trampling* (and so *advancing* it selfe) upon the Reputation of others. It is a *Barren* Phancy, or at least has alwaies a very
Hard

Hard labour, which can be *master* to nothing but to what *misfortune* must be the *Midwife*. The true Gentleman has both more wit, more *bonistie*, and more *charity*, then to permit his *tongue* to be so *foolishlie*, so *unworthilie*, so *Tyrannicallie* busied.

Nor doth he lesse abhorre to come near that filthy puddle of Obscenity; tis a *Sow* and no *Minerva* that can be for such nasty food. He never carried the *Goats-tongue* in the gentlemans head, but wishes that all who do so, would for ever use it as *Goats* do, that is, continue alwaies *stupid*. All his discourses are as *chaste* as *sair*, and the sweet *Loves* in recital whereof he so much pleaseth himself and all thoe good men which hear him, are no other then those betwixt God and his own soul.

He is too just to himself and his own *unsurped Majesty*, to suffer his tallo to flag into an idle, much lesse a *wanton* strain of *Drullerie*; that too *Plebeian* and *Vulgar* for a gentleman, and this no lesse too *foul* and *Beastlie* even for a *Monk* and he must be more then *bash* these in every expression a *Christian*. He cannot but with as much *wonder* and *astonishment* as *pity* and *compassion*

sion, hear those punie Souls, which can invent no other method of *gracing* their Discourse, and make it *taking*, but by a complacent rehearsal of their own and others mens *uncleanneses*; nor can find matter for an *hours* talk, without being beholding for it to a *Mistress* or a *whore*. Or at best by *dresssing* up some empty piece of *Folly* in *fine words*. Thus can they never be merry, but as Children use to be with a *Babie*, or a *Rattle*.

His Soul presently *boyles* up in a pious *Agonie* within him; whensoever he hears a *vain Oath*, or any thing that sounds like *prophaneness*: He never mentions the dreadful name of *Almighty God*, but with that due *Reverence* both of Soul and Body which suits with its *greatnesse*. He is too much the *friend* of God, and is every way too *neerly related* unto him, to hear him *dishonoured* with *patience*, or to suffer his name to be made so *vile* and *cheap*, as to be used (as too commonly it is) onely as an *expletive particle* to prevent a *Chasme*, or make up a *gap* in the *sentence*, or to make all run more *smoothly*.

He has the like Holy respect for God

Word

Word as his *Name*. He is too much in love with *Scripture* to see her prostituted to every licentious phancie, and by an impudent wrestling made the subject of every *Archeistical* wit. The *Gentleman* looks with a more reverent eye upon this *Sacred Fountain*: not as set open to be troubled and made muddy by the *Wanton Goats*, but to water and wash the tender *Lambs*. He useth it further as a whollome *Bath* for his *White Soul*, which will preserve her both clean and whole.

I should injure the *Gentleman*, to dwell any longer upon his *negative* vertues. Onely, this is an indulgence given to our ignorance, that we are allowd to speak in the negative of all great perfections, and say what they are *not*, when we cannot, as we should, expresse what indeed they are. If you will hear what I have to say more of his discourse in short, then know, that all his words are not onely the prettie, pleasing, yet emptye *bubbings* of a *restless phancie*, a *raging lust*, or a *wanton and frolick humour*. But all of them the *grave, weightry*, and well proportion'd *breathings* of his *great and holy Soul*.

SECT. 6. His Behaviour and Civilitie.

His whole *Behaviour* and *Carriage* is masculine and noble, such as becomes his *Heroick* Spirit, and yet alwayes accompany'd with a wonderful *Humilitie* and *Conquest*. His *Bodie* is onely made *straigh*t, & the more *it self*, not (as most mens are) now moulded by art: He has just so much of the *Dancing School* as will teach him how to laugh at those that have too much. He has made more use of the *Vaulter* and *Fencer*, then the *Danger*; for his desire was more to be a *Man* then a *Puppet*, and to be a *servant* to his *Countrie*, rather then his *Ladie*.

If in things of this nature he sometimes studies anothers satisfaction more then his own, he will shew how much he can be more then a man, not how much lesse, and how *active* he can be, not how *Apish*. He so behaves himself, that by what he does, you may rather conclude he *can* do more if he *will*, then that he *hath* done all he *can* doe. In these, as in all things else of the like *difference*, he manifests his *greatest* power there, where most men have the least; in *use*

ing to do, what he is sure would gain him the empty applauses of the Multitudes. Though so far as he can judge the *Sports* or *Recreation* innocent and lawfull, he had rather manifest a slighting and a disregard, then an hatred towards them.

His Compliments are not (as in others) the wilde extravagancies of a *Luxuriant Language*, but the naturall breathings of a sincere kindnesse and respect. His civility is alwayes one, with his Duty, his friendship, or his charity. A Court-dress cannot bring him in love with a Lie; nor can he look upon a Fashionable Hypocrite with a more favourable eye, then upon a glorious cheat. He judges of all dissimulation, as in it tells it is, for though a Complement the Practice of it may seeme Princely, yet in its owne nature he knowes 'tis Devilish, and in the issue will prove damnable. He scornes to be Sathans Scholar, though for so profitable a lesson: for it was He indeed was the first Master of this Ceremony; when he Complemented our first Parents out of their Innocence and Paradise at once; tickling their ambition with this strain — *Thou shalt be like Gods*. It

It is his care, that all the Obedience and Honour his Inferiours are obliged to render unto him, may seem no more then an imitation of that he payed unto his Superiours. And that the courtesie and civillitie of his equals may be thought nothing else but the reflection of his towards them. But if another's kindnesse chance to get the start in shewing it selfe, he makes it appear that his backwardnesse proceeded not from any want of good will, but opportunity; and he endevours to requite the earlynnesse of his friends Courtesie, by the measure of his owne.

His Inferiours may behold in him how well Humilitie may consist with Greatnesse, and how great an Affability, Authority will admit of: By his practice our licentious world might easily be convinced, that Freedom and subjection may dwell together like friends.

All his words, and all his Actions are so many Calls to Vertue and Goodnesse, and by what he himselfe is, he shews others what they ought to be. If Heaven were such a thing as stood in need of an assistant Temptation (which a man would almost believe when he sees how little men love it for it selfe)

self) certainly it would make choice of the Gentleman as the loveliest bait to draw others thither, were not the Generality of Mankind grown so stupid in their sins, as to fall in love with hell; were they not insatuated even to a confidence in those vanities, which are worse then nothing; and besotted into a sensuality below what a brutish, who would not make haste to Heaven, were there no greater Happinesse than the fruition of such a companion as is the True Gentleman?

And truly thither with all speed he must resolve to go that intends to enjoy him long; for he makes too much haste to that place of happinesse, to stay long by the way. Such good men indeed are soon taken away; and this is so little laid to heart by us, that we have great reason for our own sakes to fear that they are taken away from the Judgment yet to come upon this sinful and rebellious Nation. The world grows so thin of such as he, that we may too truly now say he is but one of a thousand; and then 'tis no lesse then a thousand to one that very shortly whosoever would find him, must go to Heaven to seek him. And indeed it were a high

high injury to perswade him to a longer stay here, except we would assure him of our company thither at last.

Sect. 7. His Inside.

It is now time to take a short view of his *Inside*, and it must indeed be a very short & imperfect one; for you cannot but imagine what would be the unfortunate event, if such weak eyes as mine are, should gaze too long and intently upon the Glorious body of the Sun. I shall only therefore be so officious to such (if any such there be) as need my help, as to set open the windows for them, the Sun (I am sure) will shine in of it self. And truly his rays dart in so thick and fast upon us, we shall hardly know which to take notice of first: An understanding here we meet withall, so clear and unclouded, a Will so regular and uncorrupted, Affections so well refined, so orderly, and uninterested, that 'tis wholly evident, that as Nature's sound Materials, and Education builds the House and set all in Order; so do Religion and Morallitie Govern within, and betwixt them keep all cleane and handsome.

His virtues seem to be so much the *Necessary* and *Natural* Emanation of his most active and boundlesse soul, that he is in danger by being altogether good to loose the praise & honour due to so eminent a Goodnesse: If he could leave off to be *Virtuous*, the world might then seem to have some excuse for being vicious. But his Goodnesse is too absolute, to grow out of love with it self, and too knowing to lye obnoxious unto such a cheat, as to part with her own face, in exchange for the fairest of Vices. I wish the world would forbear to love vice, till he begin to forsake virtues; and that all our Gentrie would endeavour to be like him, till he become like them, or esteem any thing truly Noble, which he cannot prove to be really good.

As for his *Intellectual* Excellencies, so far as he owes them purely and immediately to God and Nature, I think it not fit so much as to touch any further upon them; least I should not bear up even in that great variety, wherein they are distributed among the many individuals: God having proportion'd them out unto the *severals* in so different a measure, as nothing but his own Infinite

Infinite wisdom can give a particular relation of it. Onely this I may safely say, that whatsoever his *Talent* is, the Gentleman digs not in the *Earth* to hide it; but trafficks with it, till *Art* and *Industrie* have brought in an increase some way proportionable to the stock of *Nature*: at least to that degree which may intitle him to the *Eng* of his Lord; and the glorious witness of a good and faithful *Servant*. He makes use of Gods *Bountie*, not as a *Warrant* for his sloath, or an indulgence to his idleness, but as a *Spur* and motive to a grateful *Care* and *Industrie*: Not as a *treasure* to be prodigally spent, but a *stock* to be christly handled and improved: He accounts it a thing most unworthy in a Gentleman, to be an ill husband, especially where the treasure is Gods; and he but his *Steward*; yet such a steward, as has the use, as it were, of his Lords purse for his *Intouragement*.

His acquired Intellectual accomplishments, are too numerous and various to be here characterized; something must be said of them hereafter in his *studie*, though but very little: for I chuse rather to insist upon

signal

what

what denominates him *Good* and *Noble*, then *great* and *knowing* : for though the latter be *useful* and *excellent*, yet the former are more *praiseworthy* and *necessary*.

Sect. 8. His command over himself.

His *Will* and *Affections* he makes the *Instruments* and *servants*, not the *Guides* and *Mistresses* of his *Soul*. He subjugates his *Will* unto *Reason*, and this to *Religion* : and by this meanes it comes to passe that he never misses of having his own free *Choice* in all things. He both *Doth* and *Hath* what he *will*, because he never *wills* but what is according to *reason*, nor thinks any thing *Reasonable* but what's *honest* and *Lawful* : thus by making *Gods will* his *own*, he is never *crossed* in his *desires*.

Thus he exercises the *first* and *main* act of his *Authority* at *home* : and that he may be more *expert* in governing *others*, he first *practises* upon himself; and learns to *command* his *inferiour* *Soul*. He will not *submit* in the least to the *Tyranny* of a *Passion*, nor hearkens he further to the most *tempting* *Suggestions* of his *Sensitive* part, then

he sees that *subject* to the *grave* and *sober* dictates of its lawfull *Empress Right Reason*. His *affections* when prepared and fitted by an *unprejudiced judgement* for his service, he delays not to put into *exercise*, but imployes them as so many *wings*, whereon his soule may be carried up *above* the reach of *Vulgar* men. It would be too great an *indulgence* in him, to suffer his *Passions* to be their owne *carvers*, and *chusers* of their owne *objects*: for these being the *Naturall Daughters* of his *untamed sensitive Appetite*, have too much of their *mother* in them, to be *discreet* in their choise; like *wanton* and *imprudent* *Girles*, they would pitch upon the fairest rather then the best, and more labour to flatter the *Sense* then obey the *Reason*. As their *Lord* and *Souveraine*, therefore he appoints, and *Reason* cuts them out their worke, and assigns every one its proper taske; and by this meanes at length they become the *beauty*, *ornament* and *strength*, which otherwise had naturally been the *Blemishes*, *disorders*, and *Infirmities* of the *Map*.

He desires in all things to be *above* the *world*, that's his *Ambition*; and therefore he sets his *affections* on things *above*, and points them

them out of the way to *Heaven*, that's his prudence. The soul without them would be *lame* and unable to go; and they without its eye of *Reason*, are *blind* and know not which way to go, but (as the *Cripple* upon the *blind mans* back) let but the judgment direct them in the right path, and then they will carry the soul to Heaven. The *Gentleman* is too much a man to be without all passion, but he is not so much a *beast* as to be governed by it.

In this *moderation* and *Empire* over himself, where he gives *Law* to his *Affections*, and limits the extravagances of *Appetite*, and the insatiable *cravings* of *sensuality*: the just rule he goes by, is not *opinion* but *knowledge*: not that *leaden* one, which is so easily bent and made *crooked*, or melted and dissolved by the heat of *passion*, or the arts of *Sophistry*, into *error* and *Skepticisme*: but that other *Golden* one, which lies as close and firm, as 'tis made *straight* and *even*. When he would imprint the true loveliness of any object upon his affections, he takes it into a true light, and has a care to remove from before his eye all those cunningly wrought *Glasses*, or other instruments of *Sathan* and

Lust, set so frequently to prejudice and deceive the sight; whosoever might cause him to mistake a false object for a true, or to see a true one amisse: so endeavours he to be as free from error as from vice: esteeming it as a sin to act against his knowledge, so a shame at least to be deceived in his opinion.

He judges of things, as he does of men, not by what they promise, but by what they prove; and so he trusts, and loves, and feares them, not for what in appearance they seeme to be, but for what in the use and trial of them he findes that in truth they are. He accounts not an Ox therefore more terrible than a Lyon, because he is greater: nor a Pebble more desirable than a Pearle, because 'tis heavier: But he first collects the Excellencie of every thing from its usefulness, and tendency unto that end he aims at in the pursuit after, or use of it, and then he proportions his affections according to that degree of excellency, he has thus rationally concluded to be in it. After this manner does he in the first place Lord it over his Passion, till in a long obedience she have served out her apprenticeship to his Reason: then is she

she deservedly enfranchised into a *vertue*, & so becomes at length her *Lords Mistress*: and 'tis she will gett him a reward for his service in *Heaven*.

Sect. 6. His Magnanimity and Humility.

There is a *Brave Heroick vertue*, which is as a *second soul* unto the true *Gentleman*, and *Enspirits* every part of him, with an admirable *Gallantry*: I mean, *Christian Magnanimity* and *Greatnesse of Soule*. This presently heaves him up to that size that the wide world seemes too strait and narrow to containe him, or afford room enough for him to expresse the activity of his Spirit. This is it which teaches him to laugh at small things, and disdaine to go lesse then his *Name*. Being carried up on high, upon the wings of this *Vertue*, he casts down his eye upon those little *Happinesses*, which seeme enough to satisfie the narrow souls of other men, with no little contempt and scorne; but on those poore *starvings* themselves, whose earthly appetites can make such trash their diet, with as much pity and compassion. It is this *Vertue* which so ennobles

all his *actions* that they bear a just proportion to the *largeness* of his *thoughts*, and permits him to engage in nothing which is not truly *Honourable*. And it is this same *Vertue* which makes his own *Bosome* his *Treasury*, and that so *rich* and *self-sufficient*, that all the *external* felicities this world has or can *cast in* to the *Bargain*, are look'd upon by him with as slender a regard, as the *Widows Mite* would have been by the great *Lord of the Temple*, without a large *augmentation* from her *piety* and *devotion*. It is this *vertue* which makes him a *calm* in his own *breast*, when the whole world besides *rages* like a *troubled Sea* round about him. Let the *Storme* and *tempest* threaten never so loudly a *splitting* and a *wrack* to other *unballanced* souls: he knowes not how to fear, whilest his courage is his *Anchor*, and Innocence safe *Harbour*. This is it which makes him conclude their labour very ill spent, who for the cherishing of a childish humour, use to *sweat*, and *consume* their *strength* and *Spirits* in pursuit of a *Feather*: or *strain* their *backs* to take up every *straw* that *glisters* in their way. It ought to be a much nobler *Game* then such

a silly Fly, that this Eagle vouchsafes to stoop to.

But as this brave *Vertue* thus teacheth the Gentleman, to be enough to himselfe, and rest content and satisfied with what he hath at home; so does it likewise teach him to be too much for himselfe, and commands him not to vindicate all of himselfe wholly to his owne use and service. It were pittie so great a goodnesse should be thus confined within one subject, as not to be able to distribute something of it selfe to every one of its neighbours. Nay this Christian Magnanimity doth so stretch out his Soule, that ever that too seemes to be communicated unto others besides himselfe. It is a kind of violence and restraint to her to be pinned up within the narrow Province of one Individuall body, and therefore she studies how she may enlarge, if not her Empire, yet her Charity; and makes a number by being the object of her bounty, the witnesses of her Greatnesse. Indeed so diffusive and spreading is *Vertue*, when she growes in so rich a soyle, that of a little she soone becomes great, and of One a Multitude. This Grain of Mustard-seed growes up so fast, and so

great, that many may reap the benefit of its growth, by partaking of its branches. And such a *Cloud*, as at first might appear but of an *hand breadth*, will suddainly make a *nation* happy in that refreshing *dew*, which by its *plenty*, will argue a strange *increase* after so *small* an appearance. Indeed the *Gentleman* acts as if he intended, that his *soule* should in a short time *animate* the *Universe*; and make it more than ever the poor *Philosopher* could dream of, *One great Gentleman*; and the severall *Individuals* therein but the numerous *members* of his own body. Though the *indocile* and *untractable* spirits of the *common* sort of men be such as force him against his will to be *singular*: yet to show us how *unwilling* he is to remaine so, his *vertues* are too *charitable* to be long *alone*: and hence are all his *breathings* such, as might well be thought intended by him to *inspire* his company with something *like* himself: and all his *Actions* so many earnest *Essays*, towards the *assimulating* of their *Natures* unto his own. He is Master of so *inexhaustible* and *Miraculous* a treasury of *goodnesse*, that he may very well afford every man a *little*, and yet keep *all* unto *himselfe*.

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He knowes not how to *be* good, and not to *do* good, and therefore one halfe of his study is to *give himselfe* away. Neither his *breft* nor his *purse* are ever *shut* to such as need him, and (God kowes) more need him, then will make *use* of him.

The *Gentleman* may well be compared unto a *Great Booke*, which alwayes lies wide open to the world; that whosoever wants *advice* or *counsell*, may freely *consult* him at pleasure: there they may *read*, that himselfe, as opportunity served him, has taken great paines to *copy out faire* in all his *Actions*, what ever is both *safe*, *great*, and *good*: thus in *one*, and at *once* they may behold both the *rules* of a good life, *Precept* and *Example*.

Nor doth this *vertue* more manifest it selfe in a liberall *distribution* and *instruction*, then in as free and *impartiall* a *correction* and *reprooffe*, whensoever it is requisite, chusing much rather to *cross* the *humour* of his friend, then flatter his *vice*; and to lose his *friendship* here, then his *company* (if it may be possible for him to have it) in Heaven another day. He is not *afraid* to call every man by his *own* name, or adde the *Epithete* which

which is due unto it: that so everyone that comes into his presence, may be afraid to bring a *bad name* along with him. He can *envy* no man because he cannot see any one *better* than himselfe; neither yet can he *despise* any man, because he really *desires* every one should be as *good* as himselfe.

So that what's most of all commendable, this most excellent *vertue* is accompanied with a most exemplary *humility*; and there is nothing can more deservedly *exalt* him in the thoughts of *all* men, then this, that he is such a *Diminutive* in his *owne*. Nor does this proceed from an *ignorance* of his *owne excellencies*, but rather hence, that he *knowes* whence he *had* them. Neither does he therefore *preferre* every man in *Honour* before himselfe, because he knowes not what other men are, but because he knowes not what they may be. He is really so *high* that he may with ease *reach* Heaven, but he *makes* himselfe so *low* that he may goe in at the *strait gate*. When he looks upon his *owne vertues* (which he had rather *show* than *see*, and *have* than *show*) he will not thinke them *great*, because he intends to make them yet much *Greater*; neither can he tell how to
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applaud himself when he sees them great, because he knows well how little he either made or deserved them. It is this *virtue* that makes him much more desire the friendship of a *virtuous* begger, than the favour of a *vicious* and *licentious* Prince: because this he must assuredly lose, seeing he knows not how in a compliance to his humour to become wicked: but that shall never end, but last as long as his Heaven. He chuses his companions not by the outward habit of their body, but that *internal* of the soul: and sets an higher value on them for their *Merits* than their *Births*. He is so little proud of what he *is*, that he is indeed very *Humble* for what he is *not*. He will never be perswaded (as most of those we call *Gallants* do) to pride himself in his *Vanity*, Boast of his *folly*, and *Glory* in his *Prophaneness*.

Sect. 10. His Charity and Temperance.

The Gentlemans *Charity*, is no other then his Soul drawn out to his fingers ends. Every peice of money he hath, bears as well the *Impression* and *Image* of this *virtue*, as that of his *Prince*: and this is it which makes him

him value the *Coyne more*, and the *Silver lesse*. He is indeed that true *Briareus*, which has as many *hands*, as he meets with *receivers*: and for this cause he is look'd upon as a *Monster* in these latter dayes, and very rarely to be met with.

The course he takes to *air* his *Bags*, and keep them from *moulding*, is to *distribute* freely to *all* that are in *need*. If he take some paines to become *richer* then others, it is onely to put a *cheat* upon that which men miscall *Fortune*, and to manifest he hath a *power* so great as hers: that is, to make himselfe *poor* again at his pleasure: and to show that *charity* can entertaine as rich servants as *she*. Though God hath indulged him the *priviledge* and *inheritance* of an *Elder brother* in the world, yet he wisely considers that the *youngest* of all may in equity challenge a *childs portion*. He esteems it a very high *Honour*, that God hath vouchsafed to make him *one* of the *Stewards* in *His great Family*: and he is nothing *ambitious* of his *Epithete* to his *Name*, or reward of his *pains* who is recorded in the *Gospel* for his *injustice*.

When by *giving* to the *poor*, he *lends* to
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the *Lord*, the Honour of being the *Lords* Creditor is all the interest he expects; and doubtlesse this, *Happiness* is not every mans, to have *God* his *Debtor*. He accounts it much the *safer* way, to trust his *Charity* than his *Luxury* with the *Bag*; the former will bring in an *even reckning* in *Heaven*; the latter perhaps a *jolly one* in the *Taverne*, but a very *sad one* in *Hell*. He delights not to see any thing *starve* but his *Lusts*, he lets these *crave* without an *answer*, and *die* without *compassion*. I would to *God*, there were many in the world such as hee, we should then see *fewer Beggers*, and *more Gentlemen*. *Mens Backs* and *Bellies* would not then so frequently *rob* and *undoe* their *soules*: Nowadayes, the *Gentlemans cloathes* wind about his *body*, and his *body* about his *Soule*, with no greater *kindnesse*; then the *twining Ivy* about the *Oake*; the *Apparell* sucks away the *nourishment* which is due to the *body*, and *this* that *other* which we owe to the *Soule*.

Where he is not able to make his *Estate* adequate to his *desert*; he takes a better course, and *Levels* his *desires* to his *Fortune*; though he *seldome* have all that he *deserves*, yet

yet he *alwaies* has whatsoever he *covets*. He never wants *much* of that which is need-
ful, because he *enjoyes* all that he is in love
with. He makes his *life* and *health*, not his
Estate or *ambition*, the *standard*; his *Reason*,
and not his *Humour*, the *judge* of his *Ne-
cessities*.

Such is his *Temperance* and *Sobriety* in the
use of those *Creatures*, of which by Gods
blessing he is made *owner*: that he *sacrifices*
very *much* to his God in the *relief* of the in-
digent, *nothing* to *sin*, in satisfying the im-
portunate cravings of his *carnal lusts*. Above
all he is *ashamed*, when *Fortune* hath
used him very *hardly*, and spoil'd him of
many opportunities of exercising his *bounty*
and his *charity*, to permit his *lusts* to
use him yet *worse*, and leave him *nothing* at
all. He *scornes* first to *swagger* and *swill*
away his *estate*, and then *curse* his *fortune*
for using him so *roughly*; first to *make*
himself a *Begger*, and then cry out upon his
poor condition: or to *complaine* he is as
poor as *Job*, when every day he *fares* as de-
liciously as *Dives*. When he has the *least*,
he shows that he is able to live with *lesse*:
and when he is brought into a *low* condi-
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tion, he tries how he could beare up in a lower; and proves by his *cheerfulnesse* in that some would call *want* and *miserie*, that *Happinesse* does not consist in *superfluities*. He is content with any thing, and by this meanes enjoys all things: and is so *Charitable* of a little, that it is evident in that little he wants not much.

He chuses rather to be well in the morning, then drunke over night. and at any time had rather be free from the *Sin*, then please his *Companions* with the *Frolick*. His money is too little to love, but too much to throw away: and he had much rather give it then lose it: preferring his *charity* before his *Game*, and the *poore mans life*, before his owne *wantonnesse* and *riot*: though he had never so much, he could never have more then enough, because he sees so many that want what he has, and pitties all he sees in want. He looks upon his *estate* as that which was given him for use and not for waste: and upon so much of it as he loses at play, as that whereby he hath rob'd himselfe of a *vertue*, and another of a comfortable *livelihood* and he cannot sport himselfe with such losses.

Sect. II. *His Valour and Prudence.*

Having spoken already of the Gentlemans *Magnanimity*, I shall need to add very little of his *valour*; which he exercises more in obeying his God, then Opposing his *Brethren*. His highest piece of *Fortitude* is that whereby he conquers himselfe and his sin; and in this he is alway practicing. He knowes that by thus becoming his own captive, he shall not want the use of a Gentleman; and thus being made his own Lord too, he is sure to be free from all the world besides. He looks upon it as the basest degree of *Cowardice*, to yeild unto those feeble passions, which, did not both Reason and Religion step into their Succour, would certainly become the prey of every light and empty toy. His Christian *Fortitude* is such, that he fears not to Encounter the Great Goliath of Hell, or an whole Army of such *Philistins* as have set themselves in array against his *Happiness*, all at once: not though they be such, as by their *Cunning* have already got within him: He never gives over resisting the *Devill* till he have put

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put him to flight. He hath that greatest courage which is so rarely found in others, who would be called *Gentlemen*, he dares be *Religious* in spite of the *World*. He sets himselfe, without betraying the least timidity, against the great *Bugbeare*, which so scares most men, not onely out of their wits, but out of all good actions, shame, or derision. These are they which, as the *Elephants* in King *Pyrrus* his Army terrified the *Romans* with their prodigious *Bulke*, do so affright the greatest part of our *Gentry*, that they never leave flying till they tumble into the *Bottomlesse Pit* together. The True Gentleman, like the stout *Minucius*, has by experience proved these *Monsters* to be of more *Bulke* than *Metall*, and to want nothing but an *Adversary*, to bring them into Subjection.

The True Gentleman hath so much true valour, as not to fear the brand of a Coward, where his courage should be his sin, and his conquest his ruine. He is ever the fugitive in such a chase, and dare boast of nothing but being routed. 'Tis then alone he fears not death, when he is sure there is no *Hell* will follow it. His life is more deare to him, then

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that he should be content to part with it for any thing *lesse* then *Heaven*. He has an *Honour*, and that's his *Religion*, a *Mistresse* too to vindicate and defend from all injuries and affronts, and that's his owne *Soul*. For the sakes of *these two* he is engaged in many a *Duel*, with those *Heresies* and those *sins*, which would *strain* and *corrupt* the one or *steale* away and *deflower* the other.

He thinks that *Honour* too deare which must be bought with a *Murther*; and a *Name* which is never to be worne, but by his *Monument*, none of the *cheapest*, when *purchased* with his life. He has much *honest* thoughts of his *Mistresse*, then to think her such a *Proserpine*, that either he or his *Rivall* must be sent to *Hell*, before either can enjoy her.

There is indeed a *Beauty*, for which the *Gentleman* thinks it no losse to die; but such an one as is often *blacke*, though alwaies *lovely*: I meane, his owne *Mother* and his *Saviour's Sponse*; the *Church* of *God*: and there is an *Honour* which he holds *cheap* enough when bought with the high price both of *life* and *livelihood*, though (if he might have his choise) he had rather *per-*

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serve both to maintain it, then lose either to purchase it, Loyalty to his Prince, and Fidelity to his Countrey: For these he does not fear to Embrace a Stake, to make the Scaffold his Bed, and a Block his Pillow: seeing he is assured, that whosoever thus lies downe to rest at night, shall without faile rise againe to Glory in the morning. He holds it much more desirable to live a Begger, then to die a Traytor: And that his Honour and Conscience should expose him to Tyranny and Violence, then his Treachery or Hypocrisie buy out his temporall security. He thinks it no great matter to trust that God with his Person and his Family, who hath trusted him with his Spouse and his Children.

Hence is the Gentlemans prudence, the Legitimate Daughter of Loyalty and Conscience, not the Bastard of Covetousnesse and Cowardice: 'tis mixt of Discretion and Wisdom, not Craft and Knavery. He was never yet so blindly zealous, as to worship a Golden Calfs for a God, that so he might keepe his Chest from being broken open: Nor was he ever so absolute a Statesman, as to call Rebellion Reformation, for fear of Poverty.

or an *Halter*. His naturall affection to *wife* and *children* is such that he would enjoy them *for ever* in happinesse; and therefore his care is *so* to part with them *now*, that he may meet them againe in *Heaven*, not in *Hell*, hereafter: His whole *Policy* is to avoid an *eternall*, though by incurring a *temporall*, misery: Such a *Politician* onely he thinkes fit for *Heaven*, that hath prudently managed his *Lords* affaires upon *Earth*; he cannot call him either a *prudent* or a *faithfull Ambassador*, who prosecutes his *owne* designe with more earnestnesse then his *Masters*: or acts more vigorously for the advancement of his *owne* particular interest, then the *Publick* good, or his *Princes* Honour.

It is his *prudence* to secure what's best, by the losse of what's indifferent; whensoever he is necessitated to part with one of the two; and he chuses rather *freely* to part with that which he is onely *sure* once to lose, and by that losse become eternally happy, then to throw away that which in spite of violence he might for ever have kept, and can never part with, without his utter ruine: If *war* must spring up amongst the good *cornes* in that field wherein God has intended him labour,

labourer, he had rather show by his *active-
ness* that they were not sowne whilest he
sleeps; then by a *covetous laziness* give the
enemy an opportunity of compassing his
designes, or occasion the disheartening of
his *brethren*, by withdrawing *his* shoulder,
and leaving them alone to beare the *burthen*
in the *heat* of the day. He can think it a
greater *prudence* with the *Disciples* of his
Lord; to leave his *Father* and his *net*, to fol-
low a *Saviour* through *persecution* into *Hea-
ven*; then with the *carking fool*, to lie mo-
delling out a *Barn* which may contain his
wealth, and in the mean time suffer his *soul*
to be stoln out of his body by the *sedulous*
craft of the *seducer*.

Sect 12. *His behaviour in both Fortunes.*

If *Fortune* smile upon him, and be indeed
such as he dare call her *good*, he makes it his
businessse to be altogether as good as she,
and will be sure as well to *deserve* as to wear
her *Livery*. His care is that her good usage
of him may be rather deemed the just re-
ward of his own *moderation* and good *Hus-
bandry*; then the unmerited *Bounty* of so
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blind a *Mistresse*. He makes his *Prosperity* a motive to his *Piety*, not (as others) the opportunity of displaying his *Vanity*. He proves by his example, that he most happily enjoys the *World*, that glories least in the enjoyment of it. He looks upon his present flourishing condition, rather as that which is not without ingratitude to be refused, then with eagerness to be desired, and upon what he now possesses, as that which he knowes not how soone he may lose; and therefore he makes himselfe now so carelesse an owner, that (if the wind chance to turne) he may prove a cheerfull and contented loser. He dares not phancy himselfe one jot the neerer Heaven, for being thus mounted on the deceitfull wings of *Fortune*, lest when the contrary wind of *adversity* dismounts him, and his unexpected fall awakes him from his pleasant dreame, he should find himselfe to be really as low, as he was before but seemingly high. If *Fortune* be content to lodge with him as his guest, she is welcome; But he cannot be so dotingly enamour'd of her, as to entertaine her, either as his wife, or his harlot; lest either an untimely divorce should breake his heart, or she should

should bring a *Bastard* for a *Son*, and so at length *shame* and *disgrace* him. He can neither so farre *flatter* her as to call her *Goddesse*, which he knowes of her selfe to be no more but a *name*; nor so far *Honour* her as to *ask* her *bleffing*, because he knowes that whatsoever *goodness* men are apt to ascribe unto her, is but one of the *meanest* *bleffings* of a *greater* then *she*. *Laugh* she never so heartily, her *pleasantness* shall never *overjoy* him, seeing (for ought he knowes) she either does or may ere long *laugh* at him, and if she *Frown*, he can *frown* as fast as *she*, and that for her *kindnesse*. He never *relies* upon her, because he knowes she is naturally so *unconstant*: nor can he see any reason why he should be *proud* of being her favourite, because he may every where behold many of the most *undeserving* altogether as much in her *Favour* as himself.

To speake the whole, the *true Gentleman* hath so slight an esteem of *Fortune*, that he cannot vouchsafe her the *Honour* of a *Being*, but leaves that to those poor *Heathens* who were indeed as *blind* as they supposed her to be. Whatsoever *bleffings* he enjoyes

he received them, as indeed they are, as the bounties of an indulgent father, with thanks and love; and he useth them to that end, for which he supposes so good and prudent a father would bestow them on a beloved Son, so that he may make them as much instruments of his owne good, as they are testimonies of his Fathers affection. He looks upon his Prosperity, not so much as a reward for doing well, as an encouragement to do more, and an opportunity of doing better: Much lesse can he thinke his flourishing condition, as many seem to do, a piece of Heavens flattering Courtship, where no more is intended, then the affording him an opportunity of pampering up his lusts, and making himselfe a Glorious Sinner. Seeing he has already received so bountifull a reward for doing so little, he accounts it a shame for the future not to make himselfe a fit object for a greater, by doing both more and better. Such an ingenuous spirit hath the Gentleman, that he thinkes every reward for what's past, an obligation to future good services; and he had rather wait with patience for all his arrears together, then ever be thought to have received the last payment here.

If it be his lot to groane out his dayes under the heavy pressures of *affliction*: he is not like the inconsiderate *drunkard*, who in the morning after his *double* intemperance in *drinking*, and *sleeping* complainerth that his *head akes*, and begins to *curse* his *Pillow*, and his *Bed-maker*, for his want of ease; forgetting to turne that *sinne* out of doores which occasion'd all this the day before: Nor like a *wretched* and *impenitent* *Malefactor*, who when he is hurried away to a iust *Execution*, does nothing but *cry out* upon the *hard heart* of his *Judge*, and the *Rigour* of the *Lawes*; *Cursing* the *Executioner*, but forgetting to *repent* him of the *murther* or the *robbery* which brought his *body* into the hands of *this* executioner, and will, *unrepented of*, deliver his *soul* into the far lesse mercifull of *another* hereafter: But like a naturall and hopefull child, he seriously considers his owne *errors*, which provoked his Father thus to *Chastise* him; and so by *striking* the hand, and *kissing* the rod, and humbly *begging pardon* for his offence, he sets his fathers affections, which before he had *turn'd aside*, not *lost*, into their owne proper *channell* againe.

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He looks upon his *Afflictions* with one eye, as *Corrections*, and so blames himself for the *occasion*, but bleſſeth God for the *Charity* with the other, as *Tryals*, and ſo makes it his care that he come not all *droſſe* out of the *Furnace*. The ſame fire which *conſumes* others, doth but refine his ſoule, and ſeparating from it, the more groſſe and *Terrene* Mixtures, makes it the fitter for Heaven. He grudges not to undergoe the *Winnowing*, ſo he may be ſure to loſe the *Chaffe*, and be made all *Wheat*, ſuch as his Lord may thinke fit to receive into his *Garner*. He is aſhamed to thinke that God ſhould loſe his paines, and the more he *thręſhes*, finde onely more *ſtraw* but leſſe *Corne*: rather, like good grain from the *Mill*, he comes forth from the *grinding*, more in *meaſure*, purer in colour, and readier for *uſe* and *ſervice*. Though a *Brier*, or a *Thorn*, may *ſcratch* or *pricke* his *hee*le a litle, in his way to Heaven, and draw a litle *uſe*leſſe blood, though he may ſometimes be ſo *intangled* in the *Brambles*, that he may be forced to part with ſomething of his *fleece*, and perhaps ſo much of his *ſkin* too, as may make it *ſmart* a while; Yet has he

no high a soul, to fall so much within the reach of these creeping Brambles, as to receive from them the least scratch in his face. He alwaies carries an head as erect as his hopes are high; and takes great care that neither his Religion, his Honesty, nor his Honour be made to suffer by it.

He dares not make either a base compliance with the vices of his persecutors, the refuge of his cowardice; or the wings of the Potent, by bribing their Ambition with flattery and dissimulation, his Sanctuary of protection. He will not attempt the lightning of his sufferings by a voluntary casting any part of his estate into the devouring Treasury of the Churches Enemy; nor hope to appease the wrath of a displeased God, by bringing an oblation to the Avarice of his oppressors; neither doth he essay to drown his sorrows in the bottom of his Cup: But he flies, and takes Sanctuary at the Horns of the Altar: and by a magnanimity which becomes a Gentleman, shoves that true Honour, is a Jewel indeed, such as will not break with the Hammer: His Religion, like the Flint, never so much discovers those holy fires of zeal and devotion, which were not

not before so apparent, as when it most experiences the *violence* of the *hardest* *steel*: And his *innocence* is so perfectly *malleable*, that the more you *beat* it, the *broad*er it grows. In short, the Gentleman carries himselfe so *evenly* betwixt these *contrary* winds, that he is neither *shaken* by the one nor *puff'd up* by the other: He is such in *prosperity*, that he does not *fear* *adversity*, and such in *adversity*, that he need not to *wish* for *prosperity*; such indeed in *both*, that it shall never *repent* him, that he hath tasted *either*.

Sect. 13. *His respect and affection for his Country.*

The true Gentleman is no lesse *serviceable* to his *Country*, then *Honourable* in himselfe. He cannot *phancy* himselfe so *great*, as to forget that he is but a *creature*, and so made for *something*; and till he can *perswade* himselfe to be a *God* (who is his *owne End* and *Happiness*) he cannot think that he was made *onely* to serve *himselfe*. He that made him made him a *brother* to *many*, and he owes a *duty* of *love* unto them all. He

He is not like a lump of *Gold* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, which is neither for *sight* nor *service*; but like *that* which having once received the *stamp* of the *Prince*, is ever after *current*, and *usefull* for *many*. Neither resembles he the *Glow-worme* or a *rotten stick* in the *darke*, which hath no more *light* then will show it selfe to be *something*, though no body by that *light* alone knowes *what*; but *illuminates* nothing *else* about it: no, he rather emulates the *Sun* in the *Firmament*, from which this *Inferiour World* receives all its *life* and *vigour*. Thus the *Gentleman* is continually scattering the *rayes* and *influence* of his *vertues* round about him, quite through all that lies within the wide *Sphere* of his *motion*. As amongst the *Elements*, the most *Noble* and *Pure*, is alwaies the most *Active* too; and most *profitable*, as well as most *high* and *distant*: And as the *highest* of bodies, to wit, the *Celestiall* cannot naturally *rest*, but indeed by their continuall and swift *motion*, do never faile to *labour* for the *benefit* of the *whole World* besides: So is this *Little Heaven* and *glory* of mankind, never without some commendable *businessse* and *employment*, and
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such as shall assuredly at last tend unto the great good and advantage, of as many as be within the *compasse* of his influence.

The *Gentleman* (without doubt) is made for some other end, then to stand, like a fair and goodly *Tulip*, in a painted pot, in some window or other corner of the Chamber, onely to grace the Room, without either *smell* or other apparent *vertue*: He is rather like the sweet and lovely *Rose*, which *perfumes* the Air all about it, and is besides, no less medicinal, then fragrant. If ever the *Gentleman* seem to be idle, he does no more but seem so. He onely sets himselfe down a while, as he would do a *Bottle* of precious *Water*, which has been troubled by much motion, that so it may by a settling of its heavier parts become clear again: Thus does he order his *Soul*, that after she hath been violently shaken to and fro, and much troubled with the affairs of the World; he may by this rest, give leave to the more *terrene* parts therein to draw towards the bottom, that so the *Grosser* descending, his best and clearest thoughts may again be *uppermost* and at *Liberty*. He carries not his *fine* body up and down the *streets*, as men use to do

do their *Dancing-horses* in a *Faire*, onely to be seen, and make sport for the *Spectators*: No, though never so gloriously trick'd up, and accoutred, yet does he freely *Stoop*, to take some part of that weighty *burthen* of the *Commonwealth* upon his *back*; and never walks with more *ease*, nor shoves more *real state*, then when thus *loaden*.

He cannot call him a *man* that is without *all calling*, knowing that every *servant* (and every *man* ought to be Gods *servant*) how *proud* soever must have his *worke*, Seeing God hath so blest him with *abundance*, that he needs not *worke* for his *own bread*, he will in *gratitude* to God, *worke* for his *Countrys peace* and *safety*. He scornes to have it thought, that he is the onely *cumber some* thing in the *Nation*, the onely *Wen* in the *Body Politick*, which growes great onely by sucking away that *nourishment*, which should feed and strengthen the *serviceable* members, and is good for nothing at length but to improve the *Chirurgion's skill*, and the *patience* of the *diseased*. Those *parts* and *members* of the man which are *uppermost* in the body, and most *honourable*, are alwaies most *busied* too for the *Good* of the *whole*.

In

In the *Head* are placed the *Eye* and the *Eare*, and the *Organs of sense*; there is too the *Understanding*, *Phancy* and *Judgement*, to see, to heare, discern, contrive, plot and direct: and as he knowes it is his honour to be made a part of the *Head* of his *Country*; so doth he owne it his *duty*, not to refuse the exercise of that *office* which belongs unto him. Hence he thinkes it an *unworthinesse* in him, non onely, to do ill, but to do no good; and these two he can very hardly distinguish, as some would faine doe, seeing undoubtedly that which doth no good, is good for nothing, and this is to be starkly naught.

He holds it to be (as indeed it is) a crying shame, whilst the *Taylor*, and the *Cobbler* are justly reckon'd among the *Necessary* members of a *Commonwealth*, that the *Gentleman*, who takes it as an affront not to be thought much better then such *mechanicks*, should not be so much as usefull to the place where he lives: or at most, but as the *trimming* is to a good *suit*, or the *haire* to the *head*, which may be cut off and throwne away, and no great hurt done to either. This indeed is the *Gentlemans* privilege,

not to be servant to any *one* particular Member, but to the *whole* body, and that whilest others in their inferiour Condition, are onely made capable of serving a *few*, but fortune is such as will allow him to be truly serviceable unto *all*. Herein consists his *Honour*, that he is not put to worke as a *drudge* or *journey-man*, but is a *Freeman* indeed, and *Master* of his Trade, and whilest others *toyle* hard, and receive a *scant* pittance when their worke's done; He is able to worke *gratis*, and so *oblige* a great part of the world by his *service*. Indeed this must needs be the greatest obligation can be laid upon the *Gentleman*, to labour *harder*, and do better then other men, because he is beforehand, not onely furnished with good *toolcs*, by an *Ingenuous Education*, to worke withall; but hath (as we said) received so great a part of his *reward* already, and yet is assured of an infinitely greater yet behind. How is he ashamed to *deceive* him by his *Idlenesse*, who of his great *goodnesse* hath so farre already *trusted* to his *honesty*?

As he *refuseth* no Employment, which may render him according to the measure

of his Abilities *serviceable* to his Country; so is he no way *ambitious* of that which he knowes to be *above* his strength and reach. As his great love to his Countrye perswades him not to *refuse* the *higher*, so doth his *humility* Command him to *accept* the *lower*; he accounts no burchen *heavie* which he is able to bear; nor any *light* which is either *beyond*, or not *worth* his bearing. He makes not his *Ease* an *excuse*; nor the *Difficulty* an *apologie* for his *refusall*. He dischargeth his trust with that *fidelity*, which will be sure to *gaine* him, though perhaps the *hatred* of the *Bad*, yet the *applause* and *love* of the *Good*, and the *unanimous thanks* of his Countrye.

S. 14. *His studies and Recreations.*

That he may in good time be fitted for the *Calling* he intends, he begins to *thinke* upon it early in the *Morning* of his age; and accustomes himselfe to the *yoake* whilst he is *young*, that so he may bear it without *galling* his neck when he growes *old*. He makes it *now* his *businessse* to gather the *Thyme*, which he intends shall prove *Hay* hereafter

hereafter, and to lay up in the *Spring* what may stand him in stead when his *winter* is come. That he may indeed be *young* in *Old-age*, he learns to be *Old* in his *youth*: and he sucks so much out of every *science* now, as *Experience* and *years* may by *degrees* hereafter improve into that *Prudence* which becomes a *Gentleman*.

Having in his greener yeares onely so much *discretion*, as to find the want of what he should have, he is willingly directed by the *prudence* of another, till he can get enough for himselfe. He is not *Impatient* of *Subjection* now to that wise and grave *Instructor*, from whose both *dictates* and *examples* he hopes to gaine so much as may make him the *Instructor* of others hereafter: And he learns so betimes to *obey*, that the world may never have reason to say he began to *Command* too *soone*. It is his choice to live under a *severe* discipline, rather than to be left to himselfe as his *owne* Master; lest perhaps failing in his *first* *Command*, whereby he should have *Govern'd* himselfe, he might despaire of better successe in his *second* of commanding others.

His first care therefore now is to be wholly

guided by him to whose prudence he is intrusted; lest by rejecting him, he might seem to disparage the judgment of his parents, who made that choice for him. Where the Commands laid upon him seem to him irrational, so long as he knowes them not sinful, he had rather distrust his own judgment, then neglect his directors counsel: and he never thinks himself (as very many doe) a better man then his guide, till he be sure he knowes the way to that he aimes at, better then he. He that shoves himself more to be his own man, at his own disposal, then by this unconstrained act of resigning himselfe up unto another.

When he is come to that maturity of Age and Discretion, as to be able to benefit himself by his Company, he will be sure to make choise of such Companions as may serve him instead of Books, and of such Books as he intends shall often serve him for Companions; He is not ashamed to be now the worst man in that Company where in he may learne from his betters, how to be the best in another: this is much more honourable, then to be the best man there, where he can never learne to be better, but often

often worse then he was before.

The *Studies* whereunto he cheerfully applies himselfe, are such as will more make the man, then please the Boy. He takes delight in nothing which will send him back again towards his *Infancy*, but *Innocence*. As for *Poetry* and such like pleasing studies, he does not wholly neglect them, but uses them as good *sauces* to make others more substantial, and nourishing relish the better. He loves not to spend his time in cracking Empty Nuts without a *Kernel*; nor to break his tender teeth by gnawing upon Sapples bones. Neither Nice Criticisimes nor tough Notions, can recompence him for the vast expence of that precious time, he should be at in making himselfe the Master of either. When he is entred into the fair garden of the *Muses* it is not his only businesse to pick up here and there a few leaves to hide the Nakednesse of his discourse; or to adorne it with Blossomes and flourishes out of some Poetick figment, or Romantick story; but he gathers, eats, and digests, that which is fruit indeed, and such as is truly wholesome and nourishing: Nor doth he, as the Emperours Army, lie loytering, and picking

up *Cockle-shells* upon the *shores* of good literature, but he boldly launches out into the maine *Ocean*, and there contemplates the wonders of the deep. It is not his designe to be called; *Witty Gentleman*, and such an one as can talke *high*, and breath *flashes*, and *thunder* out *big* words, and store himselfe with so many *jest*s, and so much *Bombast*, as may *tickle* some, and *stapise* others; he studies more to make himselfe a *man*, then a *Companion*; and more how to live and *do well*, then talke *finely*. True *Histories*, and *Sound Politicks*, and grave *Morall* discourses, are the *fruitfull* Gardens where his *Muses* doe ordinarily recreate themselves: that so by his *Pleasures* as well as *Paines*, both the *Common-wealth* may in due time be happy in *him*, and *he* in *himselfe*. As for those *lighter* and more *ayery* studies, such as too frequently by their lovely paint & *dissembled* beauty, *steale* away the *amorous* and *unfixed* youth of most *Gentlemen*, he makes the same use of *them* which he does of his *Galleries* or his *Arbours*; whither, now and then he comes to take a *turne* or two for *Recreation's* sake, and as he passes along sometimes casts a *carelesse* eye upon those

those many pretty blossomes or pictures which he finds there. These may for a moment or two command his eye, but never his affection. Of such toys he had rather say hereafter that he has seen them, then that he knows them. He would be ignorant of nothing, but he would onely be acquainted with the best. He has a more Masculine stomach, then to feed upon that which is all sauce, but if there be a little in the Dish, to make him relish his meat the better, he is not displeased with it, though so long as his meat of it selfe is good, he doth not greedily desire it.

Divinity can never lie out of the true Gentlemans way, because he is alwaies going towards Heaven: For notwithstanding he seems so pale-faced, and of so soure a Countenance to those that love her not, because they do not know her; yet is there so much heavenly beauty, and so many noble features discernable in her face, by the Gentlemans undistemper'd Eye, that he soon begins in earnest to love her, and he can never go on farre in any other path whatsoever, but he must often cast a longing Eye back upon her. Still bearing in mind the

happy place whither he is travelling with so good a will, he calls in at other Arts and Sciences as at so many *Inns*, to take a short *repast* by the way: or he stands looking up on them a while, as upon so many *way-marks* set up at the several turnings and cross-paths, that from them he may receive *directions* which way to turne: But the knowledge of his God, that's the way he constantly walks in, and that which will certainly bring him at last to that *home*, where he shall meet with a *Welcome*, which will abundantly recompence the *tediousness* of his journey; and an *entertainment* suitable to the *Quality* of a *Gentleman*.

His way being *long*; it is not amisse that he allowes himselfe sometimes a *recreation* and *diversion*. But then his *recreation* shall be alwaies such as he *dares not* make his *business*, and yet such as he *dares* safely make his *play*: It hath alwaies so much of *Innocence* as to be *blamelesse*, and so much *Brevity* as to be no *Hinderance*. It has so much *Youthfulness*, as not to be a *Business*, and yet so much *Business* as not to be *Boysish*. It shall bring with it so much real *pleasure* as may make it a *refreshment*, and yet so
little

little loveliness, as may spoil the temptation. He may step over the Hedge into the pleasant Meadow, and pluck a sweet flower or two to smell to as he goes along, but he dares not lie him down, or rowle himself upon the tender grasse, lest he should be tempted to too long a stay and thereby be benighted in his journey.

He thinks it no prudence to fall in love with any sport, which like a cunning thiefe, smiles him in the face, whilest it cuts his purse, steals away his time, and cheats him of a good Conscience. If Agar once begin thus to insinuate her selfe into those affections, which are only due to her Mistressse; out of doors she shall goe: He intends not to sell his Charity at so cheap a rate, as the false pleasure of his game; Nor has he so little either thrift or Religion, as to make so foolish an Exchange, and part either with his Soule or his Time for the Transitory delight of a dangerous temptation. His usual Recreation therefore is, to make a play of his Study. He makes one Study, like a shooting-borne, to draw on another, and makes the variety the recreation. Thus he takes the surest course that may be for making his
Study

Study so much his *Delight*, he sayes himselfe
the labour of studying for a *Passetime*.

Sect. 15. His Good Husbandry at Home.

When the Gentleman comes to have the
manageing of his owne *Estate*, he takes pains
to instruct the World, how farr a man may
be *Frugall* with *Honour*; and a *Good Husband*
without a suspicion of being *worldly*
or *covetous*, and againe how *freely* a man may
Spend his *Estate*, and yet be no *prodigall*. He
hath so *Circumspect* and watchfull an Eye
upon all his *affaires*, that you may see he had
much rather give away his *estate*, then be
cheated of it. He would be *cozen'd* of *nothing*,
for feare of losing the opportunity of
bestowing much. As he would not allow
the *unfaithfulnesse* of a *servant*, to prevent
the *Bounty* of the *Master*; so neither would
he have the *Masters negligence* to occasion
the *servants dishonesty*.

His *Table* is *moderate*, that so his *Charity*
and *Hospitality* may exceed: as he studies
to be good himselfe, so endeavours he to
make every member of the *Family* as good
as he; and he will have his *servants* to be

his *Disciples*, no lesse then his *Children*. Neither ever does he so wholly vindicate their *service* to himselfe, but he allowes them time enough to pay what they owe both to God and their owne *soules*.

If his condition of life be *single*, he so behaves himselfe therein, that no man shall thence be able to conclude, either that he wants a *Wife*, or his house a *Mistresse*; So much *Chastity* has the one, and so much good order is there in the other. But if he thinke it fit to change his condition, he endeavours to chuse a *second selfe*, that may suite with the former; that so they may be (as neere as he can effect it) one *Spirit*, as well as one *flesh*. Whom, not long agoe, he courted rather as a *Vertue* then a *Mistresse*, he now uses as a *wife*, and not as a *servant*; not (as 'tis usually of late) calling her *Mistresse* and *Lady*, before she be his *wife*, whom he intends to make his *drudge* all her life time after. Nor does he (as too many) marry onely for *Money*; knowing that such are in danger of committing *Adultery* after *Marriage* seeing they never marri'd the *Woman*, but her *Portion*. With him *Vertue* and *Love*, not *Money* and *Parentage*, make the match:
and

and the question he asks, is not—*What has she?* but—*What is she?* He makes *Prudence* and *Religion* the guides of his *Love*; and so he becomes as good an *Husband* and *Father*, as before he was a *man*.

Sect. 16. *His Religion.*

I have told you (Sir) already that the Gentleman is not *ashamed* to be call'd a *Religious* man; although that *Epithete* he thought no better then a terme of *debasement*, by the *degenerate* Gentry of our age. He *ownes* a *God*, and he *Worships* him, and makes that *Honour* which he observes others to render unto *God*, the ground of his respect to *them*. He looks upon no man as a *Gentleman*, but *him* alone, who derives his *pedigree* higher then from *Adam*, even from *Heaven*: and he accompts all those who can brook any *Dis honour* or *Contempt* of their *God*, that one *Common Father* of us all, as a *Bastard* and no *Son*. It would be no *Honour* for him to seek an acquaintance here upon *Earth*, and therefore by his frequent *Devotions* he often goes to seek out a better in *Heaven*; where he may be sure

to meet with such as shall be worth his keeping. He dares call every man a *Fool* to his face, who with *Dauids Fool*, suffers either his tongue or his heart to say, *There is no God.*

If you ask him what *Religion* he is of, his answer is ready, of his *mothers*; that is, he is a *true Son* of the *Church*; And yet is he onely so far *her Son*, as he sees her willing to continue his *Saviours Sponse*. Neither is he content to be still an *Infant* in Religion, and to be taught onely (as *mothers* use to teach their young children) to say his *prayers* and his *Creed* by rote, but he *prays* and *believes* and *practises* all truly by heart. Notwithstanding, he never forgets his *Mother*, nor neglects to *Honour* her with his *Life* and *Substance*. He is alwaies more ready to take her *Directions* for the *Forme* and *Method* of all his *duties*, then to be *Disciplined* by all those *Chatting Dry-Nurses* which are so busy about him, such as indeed have *talks* enough, but (alas) no *Milke*, whose whole buinesse is indeed to make him *undutiful* to his own *Mother*, and to set light by all her *Counsels*, and *Commands*: perswading him to believe that a *true Child*

of

of God, not *subject* to a *Mother* in any thing. And they never show their *venemous* teeth more plainly, then when they go about to make him forget what this *Mother* of all *Christians*, by a strict *Command* from her *Dearest Lord*, has ever been most *careful* to teach all her children, to say—OUR FATHER.

He goes not to *Church* to save his *Credit* or his *Purse*, to see his friend, or speak with his *Tenant*, but to meet his *Heavenly Father*, and *Commune* with his *God*, and take *Directions* from him how to behave himself the following *Week* or *Day*. When he is there, he makes his *heart* accompany his *tongue*, and his *Eare* keep time with the *Preacher*. Every *Morning* and *Evening*, like a *Dutiful Son*, he in private *Confesseth* his *faults*, and begs his *Fathers pardon* and *blessing*; and for the better ordering of his following duties, reads over with *care* and *humility* some part of those *Directions*, which he had long since commanded his servants to set down in *writing* for his use.

He chuseth his *Religion*, not by its *commonesse* but its *truth*: and often *rights* each
branch

branch of it in the *Balance* of the *Sanctuary*, that he may be sure it is *full weight*. He takes it not up by *votes*, nor (as it is most evident too many do) thrust his hand at all, peradventure into an *Hat*-full of *Lots*, being content with whatsoever he *hits* on *first*; for should he goe the *first* way to work, he knows, he should be sure to have, not what's *best* and *soundest*, but the *easiest*, and most *gainful*; if the latter, it is an hundred to one that he shall draw a *blank*, and be made an *Atheist* for his labour. Here he dares not by any meanes follow or embrace what's most in *Fashion*, for that ('tis clear) is *Hypocrisie*, the cunning *Sister* of *Atheisme*, or *Atheisme* *shamed* or *frighted* into *conformity*; but he professes that which is most *Ancient*, for that (he may be sure) will at last be found most true.

His *Religion* is not such a *Young, Light*, and wanton *Circle*, as pleases the vain *Phancy* of every giddy *Interested Professor*; but such a *Grave Matron*, whose natural *Beauty*, and *Constancy*, the *Gray-baires* of *Prudence* and *Sobriety*, have ever judged to be truly *Venerable* and most deserving of the *Christians* embraces. This is that worthy *Lady*,
which

which he dayly courts to make her the Mistressse and Protectresse of his Soule; and she is alone that can give him a breeding fit for Heaven.

He shoves how freely he can go on in the wayes of Godlinesse without a Spurre; and how base a thing it is, and unbecoming his Quality to be driven into Heaven by force. By his haste and chearfulnesse in his race, he evidences his sense of the worth of what he aimes at; And by his eagernes in the pursuit of another world, endeavours to confute the folly of those, who would linger out an eternitie (were it possible) amongst the Onyons and Fleshpots of this Egypt. As he was borne a man, so he had his Inheritance upon Earth; but as he is New-borne a Christian, he leaves this trash to the Prodigall younger Brother, expecting a Possession durable in the Heavens.

He feares as little the name of Pride and Zealous, wherewith the Devill in the Mouths of his Disciples, thinkes to fright him out of all Holinesse; as they understand them, who thus too frequently abuse them. That Boysterous breath which the prophane world sends forth to deride and crosse him in his intended

intended voyage, he, like a *skilful* Pilate so orders by the right *Composing* of his *Sayles*, that he makes *that* his greatest *advantage* and furtherance, which was intended for his *ruine*. He can go to Heaven with any wind, and with any *Name*, where he is so sure to meet with a *title* of *Honour*, a *name* written in the *Book of Life*, even the *Honour* of all his *Saints*. He cannot phancy that to be any *debasement* of his Spirit, which carries him out upon so *High* and *Noble* Achievements; but thinks it an *Happinesse* to go into *Canaan*, though it be through a *Red Sea*, and a rude *Wilderness*; whilest others (alas) feed so greedily upon the *Quailes*, that they never *say grace*, but in a *murmuring*, that they have not *more* and *better* cheer; He feeds more upon his *hopes*, then his *enjoyments*, and blesses his God for *both*.

And now this *Religion*, which he has thus wisely *espoused*, and entirely *loves*, he dares not prostitute to *Interest* or *Humour*: But as any man accounts the enjoyment of *one* thing which he principally *loves*, enough to recompence him for all that he has been constrain'd to part with in his pursuit after

it: so the *Religious Gentleman* can freely part with both *Honour* and *Interest*, with all he enjoys, and all he hopes for here, for his *Religions* sake, being sure to find them all againe hereafter, in the fruition of *Her*, whom he so sincerely loves. Like a *Prudent* lover, he removes all occasions of *Jealousie* from his beloved; His *Religion* shall never have cause to seare, that either his *Pleasure* or his *Honour*, or his *Profit*, shall gaine so much upon his affections, as to become her *Rivall*.

§. 17. *The Conclusion of this Character.*

Thus (Sir) Whilest I goe about to give you the Character of a true *Gentleman*, I am false into that of a *Christian*; and indeed no wonder, for there is such a necessary *Connexion* betwixt these two, that they seeme to be no more then the *Different Names* of the same man. If you desire to have his picture in a lesse compasse here it is.

The true *Gentleman*, is one that is Gods servant, the *Worlds Master*, and his own man.

His

His *Vertue* is his *Business*, his *Study* his recreation, *Contentedness* his rest, and *Happiness* his reward. God is his *Father*, the *Church* is his *Mother*, the *Saints* his *Brethren*, all that need him his *Friends*, and *Heaven* his *Inheritance*. *Religion* is his *Mistress*, *Loyalty* and *Justice* her *Ladies of Honour*; *Devotion* is his *Chaplain*, *Chastity* his *Chamberlain*, *Sobriety* his *Butler*, *Temperance* his *Cook*, *Hospitality* his *Housekeeper*, *Providence* his *Steward*, *Charity* his *Treasurer*: *Piety* is *Mistress of the House*, and *Discretion* the *Porter*, to let in and out as is most fit. Thus is his whole *Family* made up of *Vertues*, and he the true *Master* of his *Family*. He is necessitated to take the world in his way to Heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can; and all his business by the way is to make himselfe and others happy. Take him all in two words, he is a man and a Christian.

And here (Sir) 'tis time that I beg both the Gentlemans pardon and Yours, for thus abusing his name; and presuming to give you his Character, whose excellencies are not to be comprehended, much lesse expressed, by any one lesse then himselfe. I

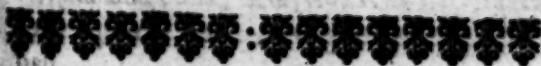
have an *Apology* at hand, for giving you this *rude* and *imperfect* draught of his *Pistum*: that I give it you *at all*, it is my obedience to your *Command*; that you receive it is *misshapen* and *ill proportion'd*, besides the little *experience* and lesse *skill* of the painter, he has this to say for himselfe; he could hardly tell where, being absent from such as you Sir, to find a *true Gentleman* to draw it by: But either he was constrained to take it from the *Dead*, and then no wonder if his work fall short both of *complexion* and *life*; or by that faint *Idea* he had in his own mind, & therefore he hopes he is excusable, though he sometimes mistake in the *Features*. If you meet in any place with too deep a *shadow*, where there should be more light, he desires, that beside the *weakness* of his eye, you would consider the *Darkness* of the *Time*, and the *uncertain light* he saw by. For we live so much in the *Evening* of the world, when the thick and foggy *mists* of *Ignorance* darken the air; and that fading light we have, is so *variously* refracted by our *Glittering Vices*; and so often reflected by the *disfigured* glasses of *Phancy* and *Honour*; that there is nothing troubles him so much

much, as that he is unhappily furnished with so many excuses to plead for his errors. But if any will not be satisfied with this, he yet layes claime to a further *Priviledge* of a *Painter*, that is, to be a little more *talkative*, and to say something more in vindication of what he has done; and thereby demonstrate, that the excellent *Original* he would have *Copy'd*, is either not at all, or very rarely to be met with, at this day, in *England*.



N 3

SECT. 4.





S E C T. IV.

§. 1. *How few of the true Gentlemen are now to be found in England.*

J Need not tell You (Sir) who have paid so dear for the sad *changes*; that it is our hard hap to live in a *reforming* Age, wherein most things grow every day *new*, but very few things *better*. And I do heartily wish it were as seriously *Consider'd* by *themselves*, as it is well known to most, *regretted* at by some, and sadly *lamented* by others, what a *decrease* and *wanting* there has been in the *Gentry* of *England* within a few of the last years; and that not only in the *number* of their *Persons*, and *largeness* of their *Estates*? but even in the *Excellencies* of their *Souls*, and the *greatness* of their *Virtues*, as if it had been a *small* thing for them to live so long the *despised* *Vassels* of their *Hippocritical* *Adversaries*, the good *masters* that have so long *ruled* us, except they had

had been permitted by the severest kind of cruelty to take vengeance of their own virtues, and render themselves ten times more the wretched Captives, and despicable slaves, of their own Tyrannical Lusts, and Atheistical Humours then before. Indeed an *Atheist* and a *Gentleman* in the opinion of many, have for a long time been either *Synonymous*, or at least *Convertible* terms: I dare not, I confesse, have such hard thoughts of all, though I could hartily wish, they would rather take some paines by their *lives* and *Conversations* to prove this to be an *absurd*, then stretch their lungs to cry out upon it, and swear it to be a *rash* and *uncharitable* Censure.

Indeed, if on the *one side*, in a feigned show of Religion to exclaime against *drunkenness* and *swearing*, and other such like lowd and open Prophanenesses, will suffice to deno-
minate the *Saint*: Or it on the *other side* to cry out upon *Hipocricie* and *Injustice*, *Rebellion* and *Sacriledge*, *Lying* and *Perjury* may be thought sufficient to constitute a true *Son* of the *Church of England*: then have we all enough to say for our selves, and to prove that most of our *Gentlemen*

are indeed *Christians*. But, alas, it is too manifest, that on the one hand, all this *Caning* and *superficial Sanctity*; all these *strained sighs* and *groanes*, and *turn'd-up Eyes*, are no better then *Sathans Sundaies Garbe*, or the painted masks and vizards, which *Avarice*, *Ambition* and *Interest* love to he seen in abroad. These are the *enriching Crafts*, whereby our *Demetriuse's* get their wealth. Many who have passed for *Saints* a long time (*experience* has shown it us) have been just such as he, who had rather make *Silver shrines* for *Diana*, so they may be sure to be well paid for their work, then build *Temples* for the *Worship* of a *Crucified Jesus* in hopes of an *Heaven*, and meet with his *Cross* for their pains. And on the other hand, all those *ravings* which we dayly hear against *Oppression*, *Hipocricie* and *Tyranny*, I am afraid, they are not so often the *seasonable overflowings* of a *devout Spirit*, a *sincere Soul*, and a *Loyal heart*; as the wild *out-rages* of a *boiling Passion*, of a *confined Vice*, and a *restrained lust*, which makes the sufferer like a mad man to gnaw upon his chains and fetters: or else they are the *violent motions* of a *revengfull Soul*, which frets it self at the pre-

perity of the wicked, and had rather see its enemies miserable, than it self sober and good. This is in truth that which many have thought enough to give either party the title of *religions*: but how they make good their claim to this title in their *Actions*, it is but too visible.

Certainly if the *Gentlemans* life and ordinary *Conversation* may be thought (as it ought to be) the best *Index* to point us out to his *opinion*; we shall have much ado to meet, in most of those that own that name, with a good *Opinion* either of God or *Religion*. Most of them (I am sure the *Younger* sort) do grudge either of these the least place in their *discourse*, and therefore, it is to be fear'd as little in their *thoughts*. They would as soon, nay much sooner make choice of a *Tinker* or a *Fidler*, then of a *Religious* man for their *Companion*. Alas, such an one would spoil all their *mirib*, and make their very *lives*, by plunging them into a *melancholly* mood, meer *torments* to them. Any thing that's *grave* and *serious* they perfectly *loath*, and utterly *reject*, as that which cannot at present suit with their more *sprightly* and *flourishing* years: *Age* and

and scarcity of their *Juvenile* blood, will hereafter (they thinke) make this a business of *Course*, and so they had rather have it then make it now a matter of *choice*: what need they be Religious now, who shall (as they thinke) whether they will or no, be so before they die?

If we should but a while take notice how many *Riots* the *Gentlemen* of our times daily commit, all those wanton *Frolics* and *Revellings* they are not onely guilty of, but glory in; especially when they are at the *Taverne* or some other good *House* of *expence* and *Merriment*, we should be readier to lose our selves in *Admiration* of their *Madness*, then to find out any thing of reall *Honor* and *Nobility* in them. To behold them there *Contending* for the *Victory* over a *pot*, and taking the *measure* of their *Gallantry* by the *strength* of their *Braines*, or *Capacity* of their *Bellies*: to heare them there drawing up with so much complacency an *Inventory* and *Catalogue* of all their *sinfull* extravagances, and in a double proportion intermixing their *prophanesses* with their wine: whilst they drink wine with a *Song* and prove themselves mighty to drinke strong drinks: To

hear them roaring themselves out of breath, never taking leave of their wine, but of their senses too: nor forbearing their Oaths till they be able to speak no more; would you believe these men could ever be so sober, as to mention the name of a Christian or Gentleman?

And yet 'tis most certain as well as sad, that you can never be more sure to meet with our Gentry in any place, then at these Academies of sin, and Nurseries of uncleanness, there exercising their abilities, and making themselves expert in all those arts whereby they may most gratifie Satan, and as it were, in so many open Bravadoes, challenge the Almighty into the field, and dare him to do the worst he can.

But (alas) we need not seek so great an advantage over them, as to take them there, where they have so often lost themselves, and it heartily grieves me, as certainly it must do every Charitable Christian, to see them so desperately maddened with the fear of being accounted Holy; and so ravenously greedy of eternal destruction, as thus to swallow it down by whole Bowles, and make their Companions Merry at the working out of their

their own *Damnation*. Doubtlesse *Satan* hath but too much power over these men when they are most *Sober*; they need not give him the *advantage* of finding them so often *drunk*. Except in a *Gallantry* they desire to shew the World how *boldly* they dare *defie Heaven*, and how much they *Scorne* to owe their *ruine* to any but themselves.

At such good places as these, is it, that our *Gentlemen* make all their *Bargains*, entertain all their *friends*, treat all their *Ladies*: here they *Consult* about the weightiest affairs of the *Common-wealth*; *Seal* and *Confirm* all their agreements in the very height of their *Intemperance*; as if they were afraid they should *know* or *remember* hereafter what then they did; or as if they were *Confident* then to be in a Capacity of doing all things *best*, when they were least of all themselves: There can be no *meeting*, at least, no *parting* without a *Cup*; as if there could be no surer pledg of *friendship*, or tie of a *civil Correspondence* and *Familiarity*, then by being thus *Drunk* together, or at least, next done to it.

And now all this *Madnesse*, must be thought

thought no worse then the *Demonstration* of that civility and courtesy which they owe one another; a necessary kindnesse, or an handsome treatment: And who so refuses either to goe along with them, or to do as they do when he is there, he is no better then an *uncivil fellow*, and no Companion for *Gentlemen*: what a disgrace is it held for a man to leave a drop in the bottome of his Cup? What an affront is it to the Company, not to pledge every man his whole one? And not to admit every *Health*, it is no lesse then the greatest disrespect and *Injury* can be offer'd to the person in remembrance; whosoever refuseth it, especially if it be a *Lady* or a *Minion* is remembred, shall be sure to hear of it with an *Oath* now, and perhaps a *Challenge* anon.

More Ceremony is used, and more Reverence by halfe, to set off their drunken Revel, then to grace the Worship and service of their God: All must be bare, and all upon their knees, and a *Catch* instead of an *Hymne*: this is their morning and their evening Devotion; but whether this be the true service of their God, or the business of Gentlemen, I dare appeal to those Consciences of theirs

theirs, which they now endeavour so to *gl*
lence and *drown* both by their *Drinking* and
 their *Roaring*.

Nay, it seems very evident, that even these
Gentlemen themselves make this *Sottish* *pas-*
time the most infallible *mark* of true *Gal-*
lantry: and account him a person of *worth*,
 and without all exceptions *fit* for their
 Company, whosoever can but *take off* his
Cups handsomely, and is versed in all the
Methods and *Maximes* of this *Hellish Art*.
 Indeed they have made it a kind of *Science*,
 and have given it so many *rules* and *laws*
 of late, that he that will now be *expert* in it,
 had need to serve out an *Apprenticeship*
 to learn all the *circumstances* and *terms*,
 though he be never so perfect in the *Sub-*
stance before. Any person how *contemprible*
 soever shall not be thought unworthy of
 their company, if he be but the *Master* of
 this *Art*. Even he whom they would al-
 most scorne to own for a *man*, when *Sober*,
 and in his *right wits*, when he is *drunk* or
mad, though but a *Tinker* or a *Cobler*, he
 is a companion for *Gentlemen*. I do not
 grudge the poor fellowes the *honour* of such
Society, nor indeed can I think it any: But

I am more the *Gentlemans friend*, and more tender of his *Reputation* then he himselfe: I do therefore make it my prayer, as it is doubtlesse much the grieve and trouble of all good men to see them otherwise at present, that they may at last become more *charitable* to themselves, then thus to *debauch* and *ruin* man their owne soules, and fall as much below the *Nature* of men, as the *Quality* of Gentlemen.

5. 2. *An Enquiry into the more civill sort of our English Gentlemen.*

But let us look upon our *Gentlemen* in a more *sober* Posture; though, I am afraid they will take it as an *Injury* done them, to consider them thus *abstractedly* from the highest degree of *debauchery* take a way their *Pot* and their *Pipe*, and you rob the most of them, of the most delightful *method* they know, of *spending* their *time*, which is such a *trouble* to them. This is it, which is their *burthen*, and their *disease*, that as the *Stag* with the *Arrow* in his side, they run, and shift, and throw themselves about from place to place, and are alwaies *mad* to be
rid

rid on't ; 'till the *sad moment* appear where-
 in they are call'd out of the World, and then
 their *time* and *life*, both equally desired, va-
 nish together. This *wasting* of their time,
 they esteem as a thing so *innocent* in it selfe,
 that they seem to apprehend a *Goodnesse* in
 it, great enough to make them a pretence
 for all their *other* vices, and *sinful* employ-
 ments, shrouding them all under the ge-
 nerally approved names of *Necessary Pas-*
times and *diversions*. *Cards* or *Dice*, *Bowling*
 or *Hunting*, or *Fidling*, or any thing that
 has but a *Motion* in it to delude the tedi-
 ousnesse of their *houres* ; shall be welcome
 to them, and thought to be things not one-
 ly *harmlesse* and *honest* ; but as invented
 to this good end of *passing away* the time,
 things *desireable* by most, and very *commen-*
dable in a *Gentleman*. In these they merrily
 spend, both their *Nights* and their *Days*,
 their *livelihoods*, and the greatest part of
 their *lives* ; whilest the poor neglected *Soul*
 all this while, cannot be allowed so much
 as *half an hour's* time in the *Morning*, by
 her *Devotions*, and viewing her face in the
 Glasse of *Gods Word*, to *dresse* her self for
Heaven.

Into how many Gentlemens Families shall you come, where they do not ordinarily by sleeping out all the morning, make it Night till Noon? They rise from their Beds just so early as their Dinners may prevent their Devotion: When they are thus removed from Bed to Board, they feed there their Lusts better than their Bodies, and yet their Bodies more than their Soules. The Table is the Altar where they sacrifice their Healths to their Appetites; and Temperance to Luxury. They chuse their meat, by its Cost and Rarity, not Use and Wholsomnesse; and it is too true a Proverb, That *what's farre fetch't and deare bought, is meat for Gentlemen*. After they have thus satiated for a while their Lusts, and gratified the delicacie of their Pallates, they must sit out an hours impertinent and idle tattle to digest their excesse: when they have done this, they are ready for another nap, and that prepares them for another meale, except the Taverne or their game prevent it.

If they chance to heare of some Pamphlet, Libell or Pasquill, wherein some honest name is a sufferer, or where Chastity is put to

do penance in an obscene sheet; any piece of Drollery or wanton Ballad upon a Mistress, a New Romance or a play, presently the News of it is dispatch'd from one to another, these shall be read and ponder'd over and over, and be their discourse and pastime at every meeting. For mine own part it hath very rarely been my Fortune to meet with a Club of Gentlemen, but as often as I have, I have been frighted out of it again, or have had good cause to repent me afterwards, that I was not so, by that wild kind of behaviour, and looseness of talk I heard or saw amongst them. The best of their talk at any meeting, is but to ask and impart the News then stirring, or to give their judgments of the Ladies and the fashion of the times; to find fault with their own Taylors, or to commend others; to droll out the time, or vie Wits by abusing each other, but every man most of all himselfe. If any man in the Company can (and there be not many that can do so much) by some slight probleme, make a Shift to pose his fellowes; he thinks he has done wonders, and has sufficiently vindicated his credit from the imputation of Ignorance

orance or idleness for ever.

Alas (Sir) what is it that even the prime of our Gentlemen pride themselves in? even they whom we are prone to esteem highly, and stile Civil and Ingenious persons! what but a little vain and glittering Apparell? and he's the Compleatest Gentleman for the most part, who wears the best suit, and shines most in a rinsel bravery. Who is thought the man of the highest inward accomplishments, but he that can talk volubly of the customs and vices of the Court, or that which is most like it now there is none? He that can tell you how much he is courted by the Ladies, and how much he is in favour with our Great Folke. He that can expresse himselfe modestly in a Complement, that can speak much, and dance well, and hand his Lady with the greatest grace along the streets. these are the brave Gentlemen that are every where cry'd up as they go for Gallant and well accomplish'd persons, Or if you would go higher yet, then he must be the man, that has laden his memory with a few broken Ends and Chippings of History: or can tell you strange stories of the fashions and Customs of other Nations,

and tell you where he has been, and what rarities he has seen; and at once perhaps both *discommend* and *practise* their vices. Or if he be yet a more thorough Scholar, and generally acquainted both with books and men, so far as to *applaud* and *censure* and talk *Skeptically*: If he be an exquisite *Mathematician*, or *Musician*, or the like. We think we have reason enough to suppose him company for the best; and certainly he were so, would he but labour to be one of them, when he is amongst them. But, alas, what's become of his God and his Religion all this while? If you can find a *little* of either in his *discourse*, 'tis much though there be just *nothing* of them in his *life*; All those other accomplishments were truly commendable, were they thus accompanied, but not being so (*alas*) they are stark naught.

Let us passe on to those who are thought by many the most *Sober* and *serious* persons of all others, and even amongst these (I fear) we shall find too many, on whom we can onely bestow this poor commendation, that they are more *gravely wicked*, more *cantiously sinful*, and more *soberly Atheistic*.

call,

call. Such are the men, who (as I have told yon before) flatter themselves up in a kind of *Negative Justice*; and thereby with those whose persons and estates, they have not actively violated or diminished, are esteem'd persons of much worth and Honour; and yet these are no better then the tamer sort of *Sathans* servants, whom by a long usage he has made somewhat lesse wanton, and brought up to his hand; and has taught them to cozen and dissemble almost as well as himselfe. I need not tell any affectionate Son of the distressed Church of England; how good friends and servants, these good, honest, civil, sober, and Prudent men, have all along been to his poor Mother: How many of them have quietly stood by, and look'd on, if with no delight, yet (I am sure) with a great deal of unworthy patience, and base connivence, whilst she has been mercilessly torn in pieces, by the cruel teeth of those ravenous beasts, which pretended to watch and defend her: and yet not so much as an Arrow shot out of any other Quiver then their mouths in a Chimney-corner, against any of them. Whilst the Younger Gentlemen want true

Prudence, and the *old* have too much of that they miscall so, they all prove very bad *Souldiers*, for such as pretend to fight under *Christs Banner*, and on the behalfe of his *Church*; which truly now, if ever may be call'd truly *Militant*, and that too for want of good *Souldiers*. If our English Gentlemen be made to stay for, and expect their *Honour*, till they shall be *Knighted* in the field for that good service which they have done the *Church*, of which they would be thought *Members*; It will I fear, be a sad and unwelcome sword must Dab them.

It is too plainly apparent, that very few of them have so much reall *Honour*, as may make them sensible how they lose it. For if they had, could you imagine it possible, that so many horrid murders and rapines, so many incredible *Treasons* and *Blasphemies*, such as their *Posterity* will not find faith enough to believe, should be thus openly acted and frequently vented even in their faces, and not a man so much as move his hand to revenge what's past, or prevent what's to come? Nay how often have the greatest part of them, by a base compliance with those men who have alwayes struck at the

very

very root of that Religion, which they so solemnly (some of them more then once) swore to defend, given themselves not onely the lie, but the perjury? Alas, their Honours are also jaded by drawing after them the Dung-Carts of their estates, that they now brooke any rider whatsoever. Had but one tenth part of those vast sums of Money; and those many excellent parts, which these supposed Good-husbands, have prodigally lavished out in the Tavern, or at their Game, been put to that good use it might have bin, the Church might have received her owne with usury; England might yet have had the face of England, and they deserved the Name of Gentlemen.

Sect. 3. An Appeal to the Gentlemans and their owne Conscience.

For Confirmation of all this that hath been said, I shall dare to make my appeal to the Gentlemans Conscience, though I dare not thinke it to be one of the best, or most imparciall in this case. I heartily wish he could in earnest and in truth tell me, that whosoever saith England has now but few

true Gentlemen, is guilty of a Scandall, I
 confesse I could almost willingly be guilty
 of the Sin, upon condition his ~~insincerity~~
 would once prove me a liar, If he can think it possible to be a true
 Gentleman without any sense of true Honour
 or religion; or if he dares call him Religious
 and think him desirous of Heaven, who
 (though his whole life be little enough to
 prepare for it, yet) grudges to spend one
 minute of his time to gain it: If he have
 the charity to account him pious, who
 suffers his soul to starve for want of Spiritu-
 al food, and yet can feast and Pamper up
 his lusts every hour: if he can have a true
 sense of Honour, who can phancy himselfe
 happy in Sathan's service, and oftner upon
 his knees to him then to his God; who
 makes his Soul the very drudge of his Body,
 and his carnal appetite the Mistresse of his
 life; and every one of his members the slave
 of some lust or other: If that man can ra-
 tionally be thought, to set a just estimate
 upon an honest reputation, who had rather
 lie dabling in the dirt, and wallowing
 in the mire of Sin, then walke in the pleasant
 paths of Holinesse; the high-way to Heaven:

If

If it be a mark of *Religion*, to drein out a vast estate, by a vain *ambition* placed in *fine cloaths*, *delicious meats*, *rich wines*, *wasting Games*, and other such like *expensive sins*; as are now the *mode*; and all this while, not one *mite* cast into Gods *exhausted treasury*, not a *Rag* designed to cover the poor mans *nakednesse*; If to behold Gods own *peculiar servants* and *Ambassadors* lie *starving* in the *streets* for want of some few *morsels* or *crumbs* of that *bread* which they *grudge* not by *whole loaves* to throw to their *Dogs*: If to see Gods *House* all on *fire*; occasion'd by the *outrages* of their own *flaming passions*; and Gods *children* *frying* in the *midst* of the *flame*, and yet not so much as *move* a *foot* to *fetch* a little *water* to *quench* the *one*, or *stretch* out an *arme* to *save* the *other*: if any man can judge these things to be the tokens of *Religion* or *Honour*: If to *sit still* all the day *idle*, and *laugh* at those who are *working* in the *Vineyard*; if to come into a *Church* with a long *train* of *gaudy attendants*, and to *shine* a while there in a little *garish pomp*; if to sit in the *biggest Pue*, and to make this the *chief part* of their *devotion* (without so much

much as the Pharisee's *Lord I thank thee* that they are *better then other men*; if to *justle a poore neighbour out of their presence with a stand off*, for *I am more Honourable then thou*; if to *scoffe at all those who make any shew of Piety*, or to *deride all those who think it necessary to have more then a few be the infallible characters whereby we may know a Gentleman*, then indeed I must of necessity confesse we have yet *more then enough* such Gentlemen in this poor *England*.

I had rather *mourne in secret*, and in *secretnesse of Spirit*, *sigh out the rest unto my God*, then proceed at present any further in so *unpleasant a theme*. O that the *blood of Christs poore languishing spouse*, cry not too lowd in *Heaven at the last day*; not onely against those *bloody soules*, who have now *barbarously thrust their spears into her side*, and with *inhumane hands torne out her very Bowels*; but even against all those too who could have a *Calme upon their Spirits*, whilest the *tempest continued in the Church*, and could hold it *prudence to sit still*, and not come forth to the *help of Gods spouse*, and his *anointed one* against the *mighty*; and therefore onely because they ap-
peared

peared mighty. My prayers are, that an early, and an active repentance, may seasonably prevent their threatened ruine; and a timely understanding of their own names, may make them before it be too late, truly sensible of their duties, and in earnest endeavour to regain that Honour, which they have been to remiss hitherto in preserving spotlesse. This is my great Charity to the Gentlemans soul, and the highest respect I can conceive any man owes to his person, is to wish that part of him best, which he seems to regard least, I would to God he could once, though late, have so great a charity and respect for himselfe, that so he might not one day be found, with weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, crying out upon himselfe with no lesse reason, then despair and horror, even as that once glorious Church, to the untimely ruine whereof his sins have in so large a measure contributed, cries out upon him now with sorrow and amazement. Had he not shown himselfe all along so stupidly senselesse of, and brutishly unconcern'd, in the afflictions of Joseph; I might have had the charity, to think him capable of counsel and advice, and to wish him

him *one* better able than *my selfe* to serve him herein. However give me leave to mention one or two of those *considerations*, before I conclude this letter, which (doubtlesse) if he have not quite forgot himselfe, must needs sink *deep* into his thoughts, and *promoke* him, if any thing can do it, now he is at such a *distance*, to *returne* to himselfe.

Sect. 4. *Motives to the Gentleman to be indeed Religious, and first of common Civility.*

To perswade the *Gentleman* to be good, a man would think were no *hard* task, seeing he takes it so ill out, that any man should *suspect* him to be *otherwise*: and yet notwithstanding, it may well be thought a very *difficult* and *bold* undertaking, when it shall be consider'd how much he is in *love* with his *present* selfe; for as *self love* is *blind* whensoever it should look upon its own *faults*; so is it altogether as *deaf* when it should hearken to *instruction*. Yet because the *difficulty* lies not so much in making him *understand* what he *should* be, as in making

king him see how much he is at present what he ought not to be; for that he ought to be good and Religious I know he will readily grant, but that he is not so already we shall have much ado to perswade him to believe. Seeing one halfe of our work is already done to our hand in his own conscience, we may have the greater encouragement to proceed in the other yet behind. I am confident, that by reading what goes before, he cannot chuse but behold himselfe in his own shape, at least in one so like it, that the very sight must of necessity beget in him an hatred of the old object, and a love to the new: and therefore at present I shall confidently suppose, that I have no more to do but this, to let him see in some measure how rational a thing it is for him to be, what he himselfe so well knowes, he should be.

I intend not here to trouble you, or him, with any large Encomium of *Vertue* or *Religion*, which would swell up this Discourse much above the just proportion of a *Letter*; neither is it my purpose to call in all those *Auxiliaries* I might from several common places be supplied withall, to compleat my conquest

conquest over the Gentlemans affections: I shall onely mention *one* or *two* of those *ar-
guments*, which I hope may be, I am sure in ano-
ther would infallibly be prevalent and ef-
fectual.

The *first* and *slightest* which I shall here
most humbly offer to his serious considera-
tion, is an argument which he too often
makes use of to a *worse* purpose, and thereby
suffers his *sensual* to gain the *victorie* over
his *spiritual* selfe. And this is taken from
that *Topick* of *Common Civility*, which
naturally obliges him to make *suaviter* re-
turnes to those many *real* kindnesses and re-
spect which the *best* of his *friends* have ever
had for him. I shall beseech him to re-
member, how whensoever he is by the swing
of his own *dominering lusts*, no lesse then by
the *attractive vices* of his acquaintance
drawne to a *Taverne*, or carried on to any
other *excesse* or *riot*, it is to this *one* presence
he confidently betakes himselfe for Sanctu-
ry: that he was meerly *drawn* in by the
civilitie of others, and that he was not able
to resist the *importunity* of his *friends*: that
common courtesie did strongly oblige him,
not to show himselfe *regardlesse* of his ac-
quaintance

quaintance, by forsaking *their company*, who had expressed themselves so desirous, and had taken so much paines to enjoy *his*. I wish he could but call to mind what weight this argument hath when pressed upon him by his *lewdest* companions, and assisted by his owne forward *inclinations* to that which is *evill*; and how infinitely more force then it ought to have, when made use of by such as *really* desire his *happinesse*, and applied to that which in it selfe is so deservedly *commendable*.

Would the Gentleman but open his ears, how many *reall* friends might he heare, and such whose *Courteous* Invitations he cannot either with *Civility* or *Gratitude* refuse, every where with no small *importunity* wooing him into *Heaven*, and to walke along with *them* in those paths which will lead him thereunto. I might here tell him how heartily God *himselfe* calls and *Invites* him, and daily sends abroad his *Messengers* early and late to *beg*, and *intreat* him to accept of his *invitation*; how he has prepared his *Oxen* and his *Fatlings*, and made ready his *Supper*, how he *bids* him to a *Feast* of *fat things*, and to *drinke wine and milke without money*

money and without price : How he stands
 with his armes of mercy spread wide open,
 to receive, embrace, and kisse his returning
Prodigals, with a new *Robe* and a *Ring*, nay
 with a *Crown* and a *Kingdome* to welcome
 them. Can it now be judged civility to
 refuse and slight the invitation of so bounti-
 full and indulgent a father ? I might tell
 him how the *Angels* in Heaven even long
 for his company, and will be overjoy'd to see
 him, and to hear him exercising that voice
 so long abused in warbling out his lascivious
Love-Songs, or roaring it in his wild *Catches*,
 by bearing a part in their *Holy Quirs*, in
 perpetual *Halelujahs* to the King of Heaven.
 And can he think it civility to make void
 the hopes, and prevent the joyes of such Hea-
 venly company. I might further mind him
 how the poor Church of England his mother,
 longs to receive him again with joy into her
 bosome, and to kisse him with the kisses of her
 love, and to uncover to him her breasts of
Consolation ; whence he needs not draw the
 wind of false *Doctrine*, nor fear to taste the
 blood of *Tyranny* and oppression, but may suck
 in that sincere milk which is his soules only
 true nourishment ; She whose tender care

and wholsome instructions, like an unwise child he hath so long despised, longs yet once againe to *rejoyce* in his *Love*, and would be proud of so *Glorious* a Son which might not onely *cherish* and *defend*, but *grace* and *credit* his mother. And can he call it lesse then an *incivility*, to envie *Her* this *Honour*, which wissheth *him* that *happinesse*? can he chuse rather to augment her *sorrowes*, and provoke her *teares*, and bite her *brests*, and suck out her *blood*; then *cherish* her and be *nourished* by her? All the good men in the World, all the most *Honourable* of Gods servants, his speciall *Ambassadors*, do with all the power of their *Rhetorick*, and *movingnesse* of *Passion*, cry aloud, calling upon him, and beseeching him to come home, and live happily in his *Fathers house*; these who have had the high *charity* from him, to take the *care* and *charge* of him, and night and day to *watch* for his *soule*, and must be accountable for it at the *Great* and *Dreadfull Audite*. Upon *Him* they looke with a more *vigilant* and *tender eye*, as upon the very best and fairest of the flock, whose *straying* would be not onely the *losse* of one, and him the *fattest* and *chief* of all the rest, but such

an one, as by his influence upon the others, may probably occasion the loosening of many more: These perswade and intreat him, and that for *Christs* sake, for his who loved him so well, that he did not grudge to purchase him with the best treasure in Heaven, his owne most precious blood: And now, how can the Gentleman, who pretends so highly to all manner of civilitie, think it lesse than an unworthinesse in him, to set so light by this care, and this kindnesse? He that would be thought all courtesie, all civilitie. O let him not now onely be unkind and incourteous to his God, and Gods Church, Gods Angels, and Gods Ministers, unto Gods Sonne and his Saviour. He that expressed so remarkable a kindnesse to a false friend, who is most certainly the greatest and most dangerous of all enemies, to him who was only set by the Devill in a friends habit, to keep him out of the way, and watch his opportunity to murder his soul; let him not now for shame be so unnatural to himself, and unkind to them, as to slight those real and sincere friends, who make it the greatest part of their studie to save him from eternal torments: He that would not be brought out

of his *civility*, though but to a *sin*, and *sinner*, by the *high* price of an *Heaven* and *eternity*: shall he now any longer be bribed to offer so many *affronts* to his *God*, with an *Hell*, and its *endlesse* torments? Certainly if any *importunity* could ever prevail, as alas too often it hath, even to the *melting* of his *Soul* into *Sin* and *Vanity*: what must it now do? never so *great*, never back'd with so many *obligations* to *civility* as here: for where ever did there appear so *much* and so *earnest* *wooing*, and *intreating*, and *begging*, and *watching*, and *dying*.

Again in *civility* to the *Nation* wherein he lives, and which he should labour both to *Serve* and *Credit*: he is her *Hopes*, and he should be her *Honour*: She calls him her *choice Treasure*, her *strongest Pillar*, her *potent Protector*: and shall he not think it *base* to *evacuate* her *hopes*, and *detest* her too *charitable* *Errour*, by *neglecting* to *deserve* and *maintain* his *name*? Shall it be to his *Honour* when he shall hear it said by others, that the *Precious Stones* and *Jewels* of *England* are all but *vile* and *unprofitable* *pebbles*: that all her *purest Gold* is full of *Drosse*: her *best pillars* quite *rotten*: and her *Guardians*

her principall *underminers* and *destroyers*? that with the *least wind* that blowes, her *pillars shake*, and the *building tumbles*?

The Gentleman is that great and faire *White*, at which all men *aim* and *direct* the *best* of their *Respects*: and on whom they thinke the *greatest* of their *Honours* not *misp*-*placed*: And is this his *civility* to all his *Lovers* and *Admirers*; to leave them embracing a *shadow* for a *substance*, and to pay home their *affection* and *respects* to him, with *neglect*, and *disgrace*, and too often with *miser*-*ery* and *ruine* to *themselves*? Is this his *care*, to provide that no man shall ever be *deceived* in him, but he that *thinks well* of him? If this be the *Genlemans civility*, then what, I pray Sir, is his *Unkindnesse*?

*Se&. 5. A second Motive grounded upon
Shame and Disgrace.*

The *next* thing which I shall propose to his *consideration*, is that which usually has too powerfull an operation upon him; I mean *Shame* and *Disgrace*. The pretence of securing his *Name* and *Reputation* from these blurs, being another of those *Fig-*
lurs,

leaves, wherewith he would faine hide his most foul and deformed *Vices*: He had rather throw himselfe headlong into the grossest sin imaginable, then by *chusing* what is best, but out of *fashion* with the multitude, expose himselfe to the laughter of fools and sinners. O what torment, what affliction is it to him, to be *jeer'd* and *mock'd*, and *booted* at by a company of *mad-men*, for behaving himselfe with more *sobriety* and *wisdom* then they?

Here I shall most earnestly beseech the Gentleman to consider, how miserably hee *befools* himselfe, and how inconsiderately he runs himselfe upon those rocks he endeavours so carefully to avoid; whilest nothing can lay him more open to *shame*, than that which was the first parent of it, his *sin*: which makes him a meer *laughing-stock* to all but those that *pitty* him. Let him remember how he daily provokes that *God*, who is the onely *Fountaine* of all true *Honour* here, as well as *Happinesse* hereafter, to *laugh* at him and have him in *derision*. Will it be no *shame* for him to be found, at last one of those *wretched* and *contemptible* creatures, which shall have the door *shut* upon

them, and be forced to stand knocking at the Gates of Heaven, with sighs and tears, and like so many miserable starving beggars in bitterness of spirit, craving admission, and yet for all their self-conceited Greatness, be vouchsafed no more respectful answer, then a--Depart ye cursed, and--Be gone I know you not. What shame and disgrace can the Gentleman fear to suffer like this: when he who pranced it up and down, with no lesse security, then pride and vanity, and laugh'd to see others take so much pains to go to Heaven, shall even then, when he thinks himself so sure of all, meet with a scornful repulse?

But if the Gentleman will venture this disgrace, because he phancies it to be yet at so great a distance, yet I must tell him he is much mistaken to think he shall speed much better here below. Is it no shame, to be justly accounted by all, who understand themselves, a poor, silly, ignorant fool, such an one as can please himself with a toy, a rattle; and can think himself the only wise man in the world, when alas all they who are wise indeed, look upon him and pity him, as the most silly, despicable wretch under Heaven?

ven? It is thus men commonly make triall
of the *Fools Genius*, they propose at once
to his choice, a piece of painted glasse and a
Diamond; a Feather and a suit of Cloathes;
that so by preferring the gayer toy, before the
precious or the serviceable substance, he may
betray his ignorance and simplicity. Alas!
Sir, what can we judge the debauched Gentle-
man to be better or wiser then such a silly
deluded Idiot, or (as we call him) a meer
Naturall, that sports himselfe with his owne
shadow, and places his happinesse in dancing
about in his Party-colour'd Coat, his Cap and
his Feather? Did the Gentleman but know
his Friends, or durst he be so much his owne,
as to entertain fewer Flatterers, who cover
his eyes, and stop his eares, so, that he neither
sees nor hears of himselfe, what otherwise he
might: how soon would he grow ashamed
of his owne face! Did he but know how
even all they, whose tongues are bridled either
by his power or prodigality in his presence,
talk of him when they are out of it, at their
severall meetings, doubtlesse this would
bring him out of love with his owne Gayedie,
and Prettinesse. The Stoick talkes of him
with contempt and derision; the Charitable

Christian with as much *pitty* and *compassion*, and what a shame is it for the *Gentleman*, who alwaies thinks himselfe both the *best* and *happiest* man in the world, either to *deserve* the *one*, or *need* the *other*?

If he yet regard nothing of all this, but contents himselfe with the *Phancy*, that he can do as *much* for *them*, and that he can think *others* as very *fools* as *they* think *him*; and *pitty* them as much. Alas, how is he to be *pitty'd* for these *thoughts*! whilest, like a man in an high *Feaver*, he makes a *Felicity* of his *distemper*, and in the *lightnesse* of his *head*, phancies he is amongst *Angels*, and in as *glorious* a condition as *they*. Let him consider how great a *shame*, even *this is*, to say, he can *laugh* at, or he can *pitty* he *know* not *what*: *Others* know (alas too *well*) what in him *they* *pitty*: They have, most of them, some time or other, *tasted* of his *sweets* to their *sorrow*, but found them at last bitter to their *present joy* and *comfort*: Let him then first *taste* of *theirs*, and then let him *chuse*, Whom he will make the *object* of his *pitty*. I am confident he would in the *first* place by thus *charitable* to himselfe.

But this is not all the reason the Gentleman hath to be *ashamed* of his present course of life. Is it not a *disgrace* for a man therein to be *cheated*, wherein he hath ever thought himselfe to be the wisest of all men: and to have such *tricks* put upon him, by what he most *confides* in, as will cast a *damp* upon all his *Jollity* at once? There's no man but will confesse it an *high* degree of *indiscretion* in himselfe without a very *strong* temptation indeed, to place his greatest *confidence*, and best *affections* upon a *meer* cheat: and yet that *Gentile Sinner* we speak of (if ever any) is highly guilty of this *folly*. He may assure himselfe, if he repent not in due time, *Sathan* will put the same cheat upon him, whereby he so sadly beguiled his *wise brother* in the Gospel; whom in *that very night*, when he *lullaby'd* his soule into a groundlesse *security*, by presenting to her eye the *abundance* of his *riches*; he suddainly *snatches* away into the place of torments, and makes this *addition* to the *rest* of his *sorrows*, that he *derides* his former *security*, and *laughs* at his present *misery*. But this is too *common* and *copious* a *Theme* to dwell any longer upon; I durst not altogether omit to
mention

mention it, because I have not yet met with any thing more frequently prevalent with the *Gentleman*, to perswade him to sin, than this fear of shame and disgrace; and if it have been so powerfull to hurry him on to his ruine, I hope, rightly apprehended, it may have some efficacy in drawing him to his *Felicity*.

Sect: 6. *A third motive drawne from Equity.*

I shall but propose two Considerations more, and these are such, as much concern the *Gentleman* to entertaine, viz: of *Equity* and *Honour*.

And first, in all equity and justice the *Gentleman* ought to proportion his *Gratitude* to the *Bounty* which enrich'd him; and to live a *Gentleman* is as little as can, with any reason, be thought a just requitall of his goodnesse, who made him more Honourable than others. For it was not he himselfe by whom he was made better then another man, neither hath he any thing which he hath received. It cannot therefore be *Gratitude* in him like a *Spongy* substance, to suck in all which

which is profer'd, but to returne nothing againe without a *Squeezing*: Or like a black and heavy clog of earth, to receive the most *courteous* and *enlivening* raies of Heaven, and yet requite the bounty neither by a present *chierfull* reflection, nor a future *reasonable* fructification: neither yet to lie like a rotten dunghill, which repaies all the sweet influence it participates of, in a *stenchy* fume, or a generation of *vermine*. He should rather labour to resemble the true Christal, whose property it is, either to *transmit* or *reflect* those rayes it receives, with great advantage of *light* to the darker objects about it; and of a more *visible* splendor and glory to the *light* it selfe. A true Diamond will not cease to sparkle in the darkeſt night, and the true Gentleman too, will take care, that his *light* ſo ſhine before men, that they may behold his *workes* rather then his *perſon*, (as the *Sun* gives us a clearer prospect of the other parts of the world, then of its owne body) and teach them much more to *glorifie* his God in Heaven, then to pay him a reverence upon earth. The gold was not made ſo excellent a Metall, that it might lie hid and *ruſt* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, but by a reception

tion of the *Princes* Image, administer to the necessities of commerce amongst the severall members of the world. It would be a poore thing to imagine God should make the best of Creatures for the worst of uses, or the Noblest of Men to be *Sathans* Instruments now, his Companions and his prey. The Gentleman I know will easily grant himselfe to be a *Vessel* created for Honour, but 'tis strange he should go about to prove himselfe so, by continuing always empty, or refusing to hold any thing, but the worst of *poysen*: by standing (as some of those do which cost most paines in the making; most mony in procuring, most time in scouring) idle and uselesse, onely to adorn and grace the *Cup-board*, and shine there till they become dusty againe. As all *grass* is *grasse*, so is the Gentleman the *Flower* the *grasse*, but let it not appeare in this, that the *grasse* is more usefull; though the *flower* more beautifull, neither let the *leaf* be sweeter then the *Rose*. Though all mankind be but *Dust* and *Earth*, yet certainly we may in reason thinke the Gentleman a part of the Richest soyle, and from which the Husband-man or Gardiner may justly expect

pect both the fairest flowers and fullest Crop, as from that ground which in it selfe is fairest, and in the *Cultivating* and *Manning* whereof, has been spent both the most money and the best sweat. Far be it from the Gentleman to be call'd (as we do sometimes our most fertile fields) onely the *Proudest* ground, such as swagger it out with *Poppy* and *Cockle*, and flatter the eyes with many fine *Blew* and *Yellow* Flowers, but such as are neither for use themselves, nor will suffer the good corne to thrive and grow till it may be so. The Gentleman, I am sure, would be trouhled to be thus requited for his care and paines by his field, and shall not God be justly angry for the like bad usage from the Gentleman? Certainly he cannot in equity expect the largest wages, who doth the least worke, or thinke he can merit the most Honourable reward, by standing all the day idle; nay for hindering and Deterring others who were going to labour in the Vineyard. Shall the Steward be the greatest loyterer, and most carelesse servant in the whole Family? And is it fit the Heir should be the meerest Prodigal? I am confident the Gentleman would

would think it an injury to be thought so, and is it not then as great an injustice to be so? I should not have breath enough to enumerate half those many Honours and Dignities, those several Priviledges, and Advantages, Endowments, and Possessions which the Gentleman is blest with above his poor Brethren, and can we think all these, and encouragements to be better, but rewards and Bribes to and for being idler than others?

The Gentleman is apt to boast himself much of his Noble Ancestors and Veritable Progenitors, and is it not therefore equall that all men should expect from that the best fruit, which hath the Noblest root? Men do not of Thistles expect Grapes, nor of Brambles Figs: but even of the wild Olive tree, when but grafted into the true Olive tree, God expects the Natural fruit. The Noble person who adopts a Clown his heir will expect he should henceforward become a Gentleman, and how much more is to be expected from him who is born the true Son and heir? The Gentleman will pull his Cocks head off, if he degenerate from his kind; and why should his God use him better?

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The *Gentleman*, again, is apt to talke very much of his good *breeding*, and ingenuous *Education*: and certainly it is the greatest *happinesse* which can so early betide him, that usually he hath *Parents* which are as tender of his *Honour* as of his *life*, and very often more carefull of his *soule*, then of *their ownes*: who howsoever they live *themselves*, yet will be sure to reprove the *least vice* in the *child*, and it is a very ordinary *forme* of *blesing* him, to pray he may be a *better man* then his *Father*. Now the *Gentleman* will expect this from his *Horse*, or *Spaniel*, to be- have himselfe *hereafter*, as he has beene taught when he was *young*. Alas, how many *brave* and *Generous* dispositions are *flatted* and *lost*; how many *ingenious* spirits are *dull'd* and *besotted*, how many *keen* wits are *blunted* and lose their *edge*, by being put to *delve* in the *earth*, being altogether *Cow'd* and *Enslaved*, by the *Tyrannie* of *Povertie*, and an *Adverse Fortune*: whilst they could not be allowed that *timely* and *Noble Nurture* and *Cultivation*, whereby they might have been *weeded* and *improved* to a very high degree of *excellency* and *fruitfulness*: how much good and *tractable* earth has been
lost

lost meerly for want of a *Skilfull Potter*, or
 spoyle^d upon the *wheele* of one *unskilfull*.
 Whilest the *Gentleman* has all the aid and
 assistance that *Prudent Parents* or a rich
purse can afford him; and shall he, whom
 God has thus blessed with that which may
 procure him as well what's *best*, as what's
necessary, grow more *barren* under all the
 care and *Good Husbandry*, which is bestowed
 upon him? Shall he like a *stubborne* and
unweildy branch, so soon as ever he is free
 under the wise *hand* which would have
prun'd and *staightned* him, start back
 his *naturall rudenesse*, and *deformity* againe?
 Shall he be like the *Vial* or *Watch*, one where
 of will onely continue its *even* and *certain*
motion, so long as the *owner* forgets not to
wind him up; and the *other* gives us in
sweet sound no longer then the *Musicians*
hand provokes, and *beats* it; but so soon
 the *hand rests*, the *Motion* and the *Musick*
 ceases, and in a short time, the *strings crack*,
 and the *Pegs fall*, and the *Noble Instrument*
 growes *mouldy* and *worm-eaten*? Is it not
 most *unnaturall*, that he who has all these
 great *advantages* in his youth, which others
 do often in *vaine*, and he himselfe too often

when it is too late, wish to enjoy, should not doe something whereby he might shew all that care and cost not quite thrown away and mispent? And yet much more, that he should onely so behave himself, as one that knowes how readily to forget whatever had cost him so much time and pains, and money in acquiring; and one that can now make that a part of his Glory, which indeed is no small argument of shame, that he once had a little Learning, and might have been a Christian, had he not had wit enough to befool himself, and so become a gentleman. It troubles me to say that very many of our English Gentlemen do thus Commence (as it were) and take Degrees in Ignorance and Vanity, I wish it troubled him as much to do so.

Again, it were but just, our gentlemen should think upon their large Portions and fair Inheritances, and so take the Measure of their Duties by their liberal Allowances. To have an Estate makes no man happy, but to use an estate wisely may bring a man very far on his way towards it. O let it never be said of the gentleman, what is recorded to the perpetual dishonour of the Young

man (he knowes [I hope] where) that he departed from Christ because he was very rich. It is certainly a mistake in any man to think a mans soul may no way feed and grow fat upon his wealth; or to say a man may not become a better Man, by having greater Possessions. Wisdomes seven Pillars are most readily erected, and firmly grounded upon a Basis of Gold: And Vertue cannot there have the best Fare, and thrive most, though she may have a kind welcome, where Poverty keeps the house. Though the treasures of wisdom and knowledge lie not in the Chest, yet are they for the most part lock'd up, that he who would at any time come readily at them, must not fail to carry the Key in his Pocket. Though Vertue and Piety may live Quietlie and Contented under a thatch'd roof, and may meet with such entertainment as may preserve life; yet alas, they are but there as in Prison, and shall hardly obtain the Libertie to walk much abroad, except there be something in the power to purchase their freedom. Without this they may have what fetter'd Captives may enjoy, their hearts and tongues, but very seldom their hands or feet at liberty. What

rare

rare perfections might be attain'd to ; and what wonders wrought, had but either the *Rich Gentleman* the *poor mans* soul, or the *poor man* the *rich Gentlemans* purse ? What a shame is it, that he whom God hath blessed with enough to buy the *Precious Pearl*, should rather chuse to lay it out upon an *Hobby-horse* ; that he should suffer either himself to be a *Fool*, or *Vertue* a *Begger*, when it is in his power to prevent both ? If his *wealth* know not what to do with his *Vertue*, let him give *Vertue* the *key*, and she knowes how to make use of his *wealth* ? What an ungratefull fool is he, who with what is given him will neither fulfill the *Donors* will, nor make use of the gift to his own advantage ? How might the *Church* become truly *Glorious*, and her *rayments* literally of wrought *Gold*, how might the *Poor man* grow *Rich*, and the *Rich man* good and happy, did the *Gentleman* study to make that improvement, which he ought to make of this one *talent*, and not either with the *Ranting Prodigal* waste this inheritance by riotous living, or with the other *Ill-husband* and *foolish servant*, wrap it up in the *Napkin* of a *lazy*, or hide it in the

Earth of a Worldly mind ?

There is a *third* obligation whereby the Gentleman in equity is bound to outgoe his Inferiours, no lesse in Goodnesse, then in Wealth and Pomp. I mean an Immunity from the *Drudgeries* of the World: *Nature* and *Fortune* both seem to consent in granting him a *Dispensation* from those *Brickkilnes*, to which by the *Pharaoh-like* cruelty of a *Necessitous* Condition, many a better *Israélite* is sentenced. He tugs not at the *Oares*, nor delves in the *Dirt*, nor washes his face, and bathes his body in his own sweat, nor lives, as other men are often constrain'd to do, almost by a *wearisomenesse* of living: But seems to plead an *Exemption* from that part of *Adam's* curse, whereby he was condemned in the sweat of his browes to eat his bread. Whilest many others by their continual labour, seem from meal to meal to kneed their own dough, and other mens too; and, like the poor *Israëlites*, when driven out of *Egypt*, to run up and down with their *kneeding-troughs* upon their Shoulders. They carry both their *Lives* and *liveliboods* to and fro in their hands; and by a *toilsome* improvement of the *Gentleman's* vast estate,

pick

pick up for themselves a very scant subsistence. He eats the *fat*, and drinks the *sweet*, and has *one* part of him alwaies provided for to his hand; and ought not this to lay a strong obligation upon him, to take more pains about the *other*? Ought not this to bind him to the ready service of his God, who has made the whole *World* in a manner to serve *him*? certainly he never had a general dispensation granted him from all *Labour*, but onely from the more *slavish* and *drudging* part of it: that the lesse he has to care for besides, the more time he should have to care for his *soul* and *Heaven*. It was *Adams* growing wanton in *Eden*, where the *Earth* freely brought forth all things of it selfe, and where his *taske* of labouring was but his *Recreation*, not his *toyl*, which sent him first abroad to *sweat* in the *World*, and to wage a constant *Warre* with *Bryers* and *Thistles*. And if the *Gentleman* will not take some pains to dresse the *Garden* of his *Soul*, when all the world seems to be so much his own round about him, that *one* part of it is his *Steward*, the *other* his *estate*, he can expect no lesse then to be driven out at last with a *flaming sword* to seek a
Miserable

Miserable killing livelihood in another.

Could the Gentleman be truly sensible of his extraordinary priviledges he enjoys, more than the rest of his labouring brethren do, in this one particular, doubtlesse we should see him more thankful, and less Idle; for though leisure be a very great blessing, yet is lazinesse a meer Canker which will in a short time, if not seasonably cured, eat out both Purse and Soul. Let him not thus turne the Opportunities of doing good, into Encouragements to sin, not the Means of Happinesse into the Instruments of Misery.

O what an inestimable advantage is this, for any man that would either *learn much* or *do well*, to have alwaies a Soul fortranquil and Serene, that all's Smooth and calm within him? What would many a brave Ingenious spirit, which could never yet obtain one smile from fortune, but lies alwaies under the black cloud of Poverty, and tossed upon the tumultuous waves, of much businesse and more sufferings, what would it not give to be blest with such a Sun-shine, and to have so long a vacation from the world and its sorrowes? None of those distract-

in which come from the affairs of the world without him, which with so much eagerness and irresistible importunity, call, and pull, and hale away many a good soul from his Study and Devotion, need to be so much as burthen'd to by the Gentleman; who, if he would but understand the easie distinction betwixt being careful and being busie, betwixt Idleness and Leisure, we should find him betaking himself to another and more cheerful course of life, having much time to use, but none to lose.

And suppose you should ask the gentleman this question, and wish him to answer it according to Conscience—Whether, if he had a Servant whom he had designed for some more honourable and extraordinary employment; and to this end had exempted him from all common businesse and works proper to an inferior calling, and not only so, but furnish'd him also with whatever he could suppose instrumental to his work; and for his better encouragement had given him a considerable summe of Money beforehand; if after all this, this Servant should neglect this businesse, and throw away all the time allotted him, in matters of small

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concerment

concernments, or in meer *Idleness*, goe and spend his allowance, and waste his Masters money in *bad Companie*, and in pampering up his own *humours* and *lusts*; let him tell you in good earnest, whether he would not think himselfe *slighted* and *abused*, and for a reward turn that *Servant out of doors*, or *into Prison*? And why then should the Gentleman flatter himselfe up with *fairer hopes*; his *charge* I am sure is as *great*, his *care* much *less*, and therefore his *case* can be no *better*.

I may here very seasonably adde, as another branch of this *Motive*, the gentleman fair opportunity, not onely of doing good to himselfe, but others also: and such an *Opportunitie* it is, as is indeed a *Necessitie* of doing either much good, or much hurt by his *Example*. For the gentleman stands upon the top of an *Hill*, and being advanced to so considerable an *height*, is thereby made so *conspicuous* to the eye of the World, that his *Actions* have an influence upon the inhabitants of the *vallies* round about him. His *Tenents* must for fear flatter him, and many others will for his *favour* honour him, and there be yet more who have an *Ambition* to be

be like him. Every *sin* in him is like an *Eclipse* in the *Sun*, whereby not onely his own lustre and brightnesse is obscured and hid, but his rayes are with-held from the *world* below, and a *malignant influence* scatter'd abroad upon *inferior Bodies*. It is a very hard matter for a *gentleman* to be bad alone; I dare say, his heart will bear witness, that he owes not a few of his own sins to the powerfvl *Example* of his *superiours*; and that he has very often resisted the more *sober* and *vertuous* inclinations of his own soul, and the more *rational* dictates of his own judgment, onely out of an *Ambitious humour* to make himselfe Company for *great ones*; and because he was *ashamed* to be found *less* then a *gentleman* in any thing though in *Sin* it selfe. Let him therefore consider how much it will concern him, who is the true *Loadstone* of the *Nation*, whose *Motion* the poor *Iron soules* of the multitude with trembling expect, and perceiving follow, to turn himselfe alwaies to the *right Pole*. I wish the *gentlemen* of our *Island* would remember this, that by their vices they prove not onely *Bad* in themselves, but *unjust* to their *Neighbour*: that so

so they may see how much in *equity* they are obliged to amend their lives.

§. 7. *A fourth Motive from Honour and Reputation.*

The other mark to which I would gladly perswade the Gentleman to turn his eye, is that which he pretends to aim at most, his *Honour*. or *Reputation*; things (if you believe him) whereof he is more tender than his *Life*; but let us see how he will endeavour to make this good, for I cannot believe he values much, what he takes no pains to preserve.

The main Character of an *Honourable* person, is a great care in him, never to do any thing below his *Name*, or which may reflect upon his *Progenitors* or his *Family* with *shame* and *disparagement*. He therefore can admit no employment which is *base* or *low*, but as his *Honour* was at first raised, so he studies to maintain it at that height, by some noble and gallant achievement. But how truly tender is he of his *Honour*, who thus (as we have said before) is willing to degrade himself into a *Beast*, and to trample upon

upon his Dignity and Humanity at once? He that can bend his proud neck to the most *gauling Yoke* which *Sathan* can put upon him; and patiently *kneele* him down to receive so many loads of *Dire* upon his back; who scorns not to *drudge* for the worst and basest of Masters, and that in his meanest and most *beggary* service, when he sends him out (with the *young Prodigal*) into the field of Carnal pleasures, there to feed a few *swinish* lusts: and all this too, upon hopes of the slenderest reward here, a few deceitfull *bushes*, and in daily fear and expectation of the most dreadful punishment hereafter, that of endless Torments.

The Gentleman that values his honour, will be sure not to mix with any company, but such, from whom he may reap both credit and profit: such as will be no less to him in his vertuous progresse, nor blemish to his desired Reputation. But alas how little do those Gentlemen regard either of these, who indeed care for no companions but such as have made themselves altogether the creatures of their vices, and the nearest Partners of their Lusts.

The truly Honourable Gentleman, is always

waies most faithful and punctuall in the performance of his promises, and sheweth himself to be as good as his word, esteeming no disgrace like that of deserving the Lie. Every promise he makes, he pawns his Honour and Reputation, to secure the performance: and looks upon no disrespect as comparable with that, of not being thought a person fit to be trusted. But how little care do our Gentlemen take to maintain this support of their credit: who swear so frequently to, they know not, or heed not what, that they cannot possibly so much as remember, much lesse discharge one third part of their Oaths. These upon every slight or occasion they send out in such Volleys, and with so much inconsideration and temerity, that they cannot have time to consider whether one halfe of what they swear be true or false. Nay there is one solemn Vow, and that the most sacred one that ever they made, and to a person with whom it most concerns them to be punctuall, and deal faithfully, I mean that at their Baptisme, which, alas, they so well perform, as that they hardly ever call to mind, or can believe there was any such thing done by them

them: Was it not *this* that then they promised, to forsake the Divill and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the World, with all the Covetous desires of the same, and all the Carnall desires of the flesh, so that they would neither follow nor be led by them? In which, the engagement of their Honour would not serve the turn, but they brought their sureties and Bondmen, who promised (as much as in them lay) to see all made good; I tremble to think how this vow has been fulfil'd by all those persons who would be thought so sensible of Honour, that their bare word might at any time serve for their Bond. What they vow'd to forsake, they with all earnestnesse follow; and that whereby they would not be led, they sweat to Outgoe, hugging and embracing those temptations they promised to abandon, and making the Vain Pomp and Glory of the World, the only Gods they dare love and adore. If the Gentleman be thus carelesse in maintaining his Credit, thus false in his promises to God and his Soul, I hope he will not think it strange, if others be so scrupulous and weak-faith'd, as not to believe him to be a Gentleman upon his own bare word.

Further

Further yet, he that desires to be truly *Honourable*, and esteem'd so, will so provide for his *Honour*, that the world may have no just cause to throw the miscarriages and sins of his *Country* upon his shoulders, or that all the *Miseries* thereof should be found the *Daughters* of his *Vices*. But whether or no we have any reason to blame the *English Gentleman* for the Calamities of his *Nation*, I appeal to himselfe, let his *Conscience* determine it. To whom shall we impute the *Blindnesse*, the *Ignorance*, the *Giddinesse* of the *People*, but to him that pretends to be the *eye* and the *head*? We know it is the *Lightnesse* of the *head*; which often makes the *heels* stand uppermost; And when we see a *Drunkard* reel and stagger, we all know it is the *Giddinesse* of his *head* which causes his *uneven* motion. It were happy for us, if all those who would be thought the *Heads* of this *Headlesse Nation*, would daily consider their office; and how much of the *Crazinesse* and *Distemper* of this *infatuated* people, is to be imputed to the *unletterednesse* of their own *Brains*, and want of a due *Government* of themselves. O that the *World* might no longer have just cause

say (as now many are apt to do) that the sad disease of this poor Kingdome, wherein it has well nigh cough'd out its very Heart, proceeded from a Cold it has taken in the noblest members of its Body; and that indeed is *Atheisme*.

If therefore our Gentlemen ever intend to deserve that Honour they so eagerly desire, let them learn to be, and act like themselves, so shall they assure themselves of true Honour, both before God, and amongst men. Let them pluck up their Courage, and make it appear to the World, that they have yet something of a Noble and generous Spirit within their breasts; that they dare yet own a God, in despite of *Atheisme* and *Blasphemie*, and stand up for his Church in opposition to *Tyrannie* and *Sacriledge*. That they have Spirits above the reach of Swords, and Souls not to be out-braved by the terrours of the grave, nor blown out of their bodies with the proud and threatening breath of those that can but seem mighty. Let it once be seen that they have espoused a Religion which has a Majesty enough to Daunt a *Nebuchadnezzar* with the hottest furnace in his Mouth: and an *Holier* zeal, which

which (as the brighter *Sun beames* do upon the fainter light of a *Candle*) can prey upon, and consume to nothing the most scorching flames of *Persecution*. When they have learn'd to take the roaring *Lion* by the *Jaw*, and pull out his teeth, when they can (with the stout Champion of *Israel*) defend the endanger'd *Church* against that great *Goliath* of *Atheisme*, which now or never appears with the *Weavers Beam* in his hand; when they have once got the *Courage*, to slight and pittie all the cursing *Shimeis*, and railing *Rabshakahs* of the *Land*; to scorn the *Barkings* of *Reproach*, and not to be afraid of the teeth of *Povertie*, when they dare goe with *Abraham* to sacrifice their lesse lovely *Isaacks* at the *Mountain* of the *Lord*: In a word, when they dare be good without fear of *shame* or *want*, and Religiously *Loyal* without dreading either *Beggery* or *Death*: Then shall they have *Honours* without *stain* or *blemish*, and *Names* venerable in the *Mouthes* of all men, then shall they set their feet upon the *Necks* of the *Mightie*, and *Tyrants* shall bow down under them, and they shall be set up on high with the *Rulers* of the *People*: then shall they

they have the *acclamations* of the *Saints*, and the *bended knees* of the *poor* at the *throne of Grace*, for their long *life* and *Happinesse*; Then shall they be *feared* by their *enemie*, and *loved* by their *friends*; They shall have the *Motherly Blessing* of the *Church*, the joyful welcome and *plaudite* of *Angels*, and the *Bountifull reward* and *enge* of their *God* and *Father*; a *Glorious Robe*, an *immarcescible Crown*, a *perpetual Kingdome*: for indeed *this Honour have all his Saints*.

I am really *ashamed*, and heartily *sorry*, that either the *Gentlemans* *unnatural Behaviour*, that strange *Meander* of all vices, or the sad and *deplorable condition* of this *poor Church* and *Nation*, to which in all *Reason*, *Honour*, and *Conscience*, he ought to shew a more *filial respect* and *Affection*, have provoked me to this *unusual length* of a *Letter*. But the *Copiousness* of the *Theme*, which you *first* proposed to my thoughts, will I know be my *sufficient excuse*; though the *unpleasantness* of it, together with those many other *businesses* which are never *wanting* to *you*, but now *incumbent* upon me, might afford you an opportunity of being more *profitably* *employ'd*, and *more suitable* to

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my present *calling*, then in *reading* or *writing* of what I here send you. I shall therefore in a very few lines more, give you a *Breviature* of what I have already said, or have more to say concerning the *mix'd* Theme of this Letter.

§. 8. *The Conclusion and summe of all.*

I shall alwaies with all readinesse Confesse that I dare not have a low esteem of any of those *worthy* Persons, whom the All-wise God by advancing them to the *Top* of the *Pinacle*, seems to commend both to me and others, as the most *fit* objects of our *Admiration* and *Reverence*: Onely I hope the *Gentleman* will give me leave to make it a part of my *Prayers* (and too *sad* experience daily shews us what great reason we have so to pray) that they who stand both so high and so *sickly* may ever take heed lest they fall. *Satan* had the Confidence upon as high a place (though at that height he met with the most exemplary *Humility* that the World ever heard of) to venture a temptation upon the *Lord of life*: where certainly his hopes of prevailing must rationally be thought

thought to have been as low, as his attempt was high: It is therefore too much to be fear'd he hath very often his wish'd for successe in overturning the *bravest Sinner*. The *Subtile Serpent*, though he despair of Heaven, is alwaies crawling upwards, and can as easily twist and wrap himself about the *Gilded spire of Honour and Nobility*, as once he did about the fairest tree in *Eden*; and questionlesse not seldome with as much unhappy successe, as malicious *Subtily*. Here I am sure, he hath the same or surer holds to fasten upon, and climb up by, which there he had; Even the wild protuberances of *Pride and Ambition*. The first assault he made, was upon an unspotted *Innocence* but match'd with an over facile and flexible *Humanity*; and meeting there with the hoped Issue of his temptation; he takes the Boldnesse to venture on an infinite *Wisdom* in the Bosome of *Omnipotence*: and though there he was foyl'd, yet being the more madd'd with the shameful repulse, 'tis likely he will fall the more desperately, and so with the greater violence, upon that *Prudence*, which is at best much abated by the base mixture, and too excessive alloy of a

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Beloved Folly. I wish it might be the *Gentleman's* good *Fortune* or *Courage*, to ward the stroke, and come off *unhurt*.

When I hear this inferior world wherein we are to breath out our *Minority*, compared (and not unfitly) to an *Inne*, or *Diversory*; whereinto *Man*, whose life is a journey or *Pilgrimage*, onely turns in to take a nights lodging; that so he may fit and dresse himself against the *Morning* for a *Better Country*: I am ready to take the *Boldnesse* to prosecute the *Metaphor* a little farther, and I would fain say, that those *glittering, spangled soules*, are most noble and honorable, which *wise Nature* treats with the greatest respect and *Ceremonie*; those, for whom, as her chief guests she hath reserved her most *stately*, and *fairest* roomes: that these, if any are to be thought the *Gentlemen* of the world to whom *Nature* as well as *Fortune* seems to pay a reverence.

These are the *Men* who enter into the world with that *Ceremonious* state and pomp, that would almost perswade us they were sent hither on an *Ambassy* from Heaven. They are indulged an *Honour* seemingly too great for *Mortality*. They are admiring

led into the world by the most beautiful gate of a Renowned Parentage, they are usher'd along with all that Pomp and Magnificence, which use to attend our highest hopes and most seeming Expectations; and are most significant of our greatest joyes: Their births are congratulated, and they welcomed hither, with a long and Methodically order'd train of soleinne and honourable both Civil and Religious Ceremonies, They are honourably placed in the most richly furnished, and neatly contrived Lodgings, of Comely and well-featured Bodies, in adorning whereof the Divine Art of better Nature, hath best shown it self; these are Gloriously set forth by all those most lively Images of Majesty and Honour, which Corrupted Nature can be thought capable of receiving: All these are more sweetened, by a lovely prospect into the world abroad, where an Indulgent fortune, to give the better relish to the gifts of Nature, presents her self in all variety of Dresses, of Riches, Pleasures, Preferments; ever creating such store of New-delights as may soonest win upon the sense, and best recreate the soule.

And now, Sir, would any man seeing
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all this, think it possible, that after *Nature* and *Fortune*, and the great God of both, by so long a *Succession* of no lesse truly *Delectable* then indeed *inestimable* blessings, have been so *industriously Solicitous* for the *Gentlemans* welfare; and with so much *Charitable importunity*, have *Constantly Courted* his soul, to be in love with that *fair hand* which made it; to invite it to an early *sense* of its own *worth* and *excellency*, and to set a due *estimate* upon it *self*, to possesse it with the true *Apprehensions* of that, which is certainly the highest *Honour* that can befall a *mortall here*, or *Crown him hereafter*, I mean his *Relation* to *Heaven*, and the *God of Heaven* his *Maker*: Would any man believe it possible after all this, that the *Gentleman* should be either so *uncharitable* to *himselfe*, or so *ungratefull* to his *Creator*: either so much a *Churle* or a *Fool*, or *Both*: as neither to yeild to those *Importunities* of a *Wooring Heaven*: nor *Embrace* the *Courteous Invitations* of an *endlesse Felicity*? Would you believe, that when he is *intrusted* by the *King of Glories*, upon so *honourable* an *Expedition* as that of *winning a Crown*; he should be *tyred* and *foot-sore* at the very
first

first step; and sit down to rest him upon the first cold stone in his way, there flattering his Childish humour, in the Empty fruition of some Garish but fading vanity? Could any man with a rational soul in him, hope to find an Happiness in such toys adequate to the immense desires of an Heaven-born substance? Alas, who is ignorant, that these pettie Glories, and little felicities, which so please us here, cannot in any reason be thought more (seldome so much) then the smaller tokens of a Fathers love, or an Earnest-pennie to a future Inheritance, something for the Child to keep his purse with whilest he is here at School. Nay, they are so often lesse then this, that they amount not to so much, as those less tokens, which we use to call the Mothers Blessing; but are rather like the deceitful Gifts of a Stepmother, such as a brass shilling, or a gilded Nutmeg, the slight kindness not of a Fond but a dissembling Fortune: whereby the unwary Child is very often bribed and Flatter'd out of his due Portion and Inheritance.

Doubtlesse, if the Gentleman find himself to be so much Fortune's Darling, or (as he

would rather have us think) the *Favourite* of Heaven: as to be afforded a more tender and delicate Education than his poorer brethren. I dare hardly believe all this an *Indulgence* to sin, but an *encouragement* unto *Holiness*, and to go on with *Cheerfulness* to see what that good Father has in store for him in Heaven, who is so liberal to him here upon Earth. The Comfortable warmth of his *Prosperous* condition, is indulged him, thereby to preserve his soule, more tender, and pliable, zealously forward to receive both more generous and more pious impressions, not to scorch or dry it up into a rebellious obstinacy, neither to give him the opportunity of melting it away in the soft embraces of more wanton and lascivious delights, or to dissolve his happiness into the Aery and shadowy vanity of a Carnal pleasure. The golden Foundation being laid, God expects he should not so abuse it, as to erect thereupon any meaner structure than an Heaven. The right use of what he already enjoys, ought to dispose his soule into a Capacity of receiving more and better, even of those spiritual blessings which will set him up above the reach either of an adverse Fortune, or a Malicious Devil.

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If the gentleman would be perswaded to cast a Religious eye upop the Excellent Symmetry and lovely features of his own Bodie, wherewith it is no strange thing to find him beautified above other men, certainly he would presently consider with himselfe, that this fine Out-side was not the onely or best piece of work intended, but there should be a suitable Inside too, such as may make the man a fit temple for the holy Ghost to reside in: that this stately and well wrought Bodie should be but the external Embleme of a more Beautiful and Majestick soule.

If it be his good luck to find the way to Paradise straw'd all over with *Roses*, whilst other poor soules are forced to run Bare-footed through *Bryars* and *Thistles*, *Flints* and *Pibbles*, whereby their feet are often so gall'd, that their pace proves slow, and so prick'd and scratch'd, that you may trace them, as they their Saviour, into Heaven by their blood; he ought wisely to consider, that this entertainment should not retard him in his journey, neither make him Phary that he is already in the Garden; and therefore may sit down, or roll his soul upon

upon these sweets to a *satisfaction*; alas, the more he thus *tumbles* upon them, the sooner will these *tender Blossomes* fade and wither: They are onely scatter'd in his path, that by their *fragrancy* his decaying *Spirits* may be restored and *cherish'd*, that he *faint* not ere he reach that garden where grows the *Tree of life*, and *never-perishing Flowers* of *sweetest pleasures*, even at *Gods right hand* for evermore.

If the *Gentleman* may boast of his honorable descent, from a *vertuous*, and if so, a deservedly *renowned* family; how much will it concern him in *Honour* and *Duty*, to provide that his *Children* by his *vertues*, may be enabled to brag of as much as he? It will certainly be a greater *disgrace* to him, when his *Son* shall be constrain'd to say, he had a *Worthy Grandfather*, then it can now be his *glory*, that he *himselfe* can tell the World he had a *Deserving father*. Can he imagine it halfe so *Creditable*, to swagger it out with the old *Name* and *Title* of his *rotting Ancestors*, as to manifest their yet *surviving Virtues* in himselfe their *genuine Offspring*? What a pitiful *Credit* must it needs be for him, to shew a
stranger

stranger a firme and substantiall foundation, laid by his *Ancestors* many years agoe, towards an intended *Heroick* and sumptuous building, if all this while he have neglected by his *own virtues* to adde a *superstructure*, proportionable to such a *Ground-work*?

I am Confident the *Gentleman* needs not a remembrancer to mind him of his *Name*; nor any other *Herald* to perswade him he has a *right* unto it, then his own *Ambition* and *Conceit*: But how unlikely he is by the meanes he uses to make the world believe him, he seems not so well to Consider. Is it a matter of such Credit, to show us, how well he can put on his *Father's Old Cloaths*, or play his *Ape* in his *Silver Jerkin*? Is this the main *Badg* of his *Gentility*, that he has never a *Coat* but what was given him by the *Herald*; or that he lives as *Beggars* do, upon the *Charity* and *Almes* of the *Parish*? Let him say, what other *title* it is he can pretend to, who by his own personal merits cannot purchase his name? What does he lesse then pick up his *Crumbs* under the *Old-mans Table*: *Nobility* without *Virtue* has just so much *life*, as it can *Borrow*; and onely breaths by the common and ignoble

noble *breath* of the *People*. What does the unworthy *Gentleman*, but goe from *door* to *door* for an *Almes* of *Honour*? One throws him in a *Sir*, another a *Master*, a third a *Good-joyr-worship*; and with these few *scraps* he makes a shift to preserve alive his *meagre* and *raw-boned Reputation*.

A name that thus feeds onely upon the fragments of *charity*, is not like to grow truly great in *haste*: And a *Reputation* so long worn already without *mending*, is too *vile* and *cheap* for a true *Gentleman* to appear abroad withall. The *Cloak* must need be very *thread-bare*, that is so old, and has bin so ill used: It were more *Noble* to weare a *New* one of his own *buying*, then that of his *Great-grandfather*, which at best he can by his *scantling virtues* onely fill full of *patches*. His *Fathers Honour* can be his but at *Second hand*: and to be proud of an *Hereditary* ritle onely, is but to rant it in a *Dead-mans suit*, and like him, whom he too often *Imitates*, after his *fathers death*, to fright the world by appearing in his *likenesse*; for when we come more narrowly to examine the *Reality* of what we think we see in him, we find nothing but a *cheat* and *Delusion* of
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the sense; we catch at a bare Apparition for a substance; or at best graspe a senselesse clod of cold clay instead of a Man. What is it to be thus Sollicitous after an Old Coat of Armes, but to wish the Herald were a Broaker, And that he might buy old scutcherons, as he may old Cloaks, because his Merits will not amount to the price of New ones. Whilest he thus opens his Presse, and shoves it to be well lined with the rich apparel of those who lived before him, he does no more then what often his Fathers Page or Lacquey is able to do: Nay I shall be bold to say it, whatever the Gentleman may therefore think of himself or me, that he who shoves his Fathers Bearing, without some Honourable Addition, due at least, if not given to his own vertues, has but little more reason to boast of his Gentility, then his Fathers Fool or Fidler, whom I have often observed to bear his Masters Coat upon his Livory. O that the Gentleman would in good earnest Consider, how much all Wisemen laugh at him, even in his Finest Cloaths, and how much more all Good men do pity him, when they see him with all his borrow'd Bravery delight to tumble in the Mire!

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He that will be a *Gentleman* indeed, must look no lesse carefully *before* him, on what yet remains for him to doe, to maintain his *Honour*, then *behind* him, on what has been already done by his *Ancestors* to purchase it. *Honour* has a very delicate palate, and loves to feed upon *fresh Diet*; and very much *Nauseates* the *Moulded Offalls* of *Antiquity*. No *broken Dishes* come to her *Table*, neither can she subsist by *Chewing the Cud* after the largest *feasting* upon the *Grandfathers* *deserts*. The *sharp teeth* of *Time* will at length enter deep into the *Marble Monument* under which the *Fathers* *Ashes* are laid to rest, or at least the *Injurious Dust* will fill up and hide the fair *Characters* thereupon in which perhaps alone the *Honour* of the *Son* stands legible: It can be no *long-lived Honour*, where the *Patent* is onely a *Dead-mans Epitaph*. It will therefore highly concern the *Gentleman* in due time at least to lay a *New gilt* upon the *Old letter*, that so he may transmit an *Honourable Memory* of his name to late *Posterity*, rather under his own hand, then his fathers *Seal*.

The *stateliest* *Pile*, yeilds and stoops by
little

little and little to the importunities of *Age*: And 'tis rare to see a Building left by the *Father* so firm and weather-proof, but it will require some repairing before the Death of the Son. A Good husband will therefore make hast even to prevent his fears, and not expect an *Invitation* from a visible ruine; knowing that tis a *Necessity* not deserving the name of *Providence* to under-prop the declining wall; Neither will a *Prudent* person cover a dangerous breach in the wall of his house with a superficial *plaister* or *paint*, thereby to Cozen the World into a false Opinion of his Counterfeit *thrif*t and *Providence*, till a sudden fall of the whole house discover at once his folly and his *Policie*. In vain shall the Gentleman by the bare shadow of a vertue endeavour to make the world believe he wants not the substance: He must by the real and undissembled excellencies of a generous soul, sincerely devoted to the service of Religion and Virtue, both adde many solid Pillars to support the Old, and lay a firme Basis for a new structure.

A Fathers good name deserves a reverent memory in after ages, but will never be injured or grow lesse renowned, by being

out-shone in the *Sons virtues*: It is rather proud thus to grow *young* again. There can be no perpetual entailment of Honour upon all succeeding *posteritie*, The best *Gentleman* holds his *Nobility* but by *Lease* from *Heaven*, which is to be *renew'd* once at least in every *life*; when a good round summe of *Heroick Actions* are expected as his *Fin*. God hath his *Stewards* alwaies ready to receive the *Gentlemans* rent, the *Church* and *State*. and he that payes not at his *day* to either of these, forfeits all.

It is no slight sin to suppose God so vainly *Prodigal* of his *Jewels*, as to think them well disposed of when placed in *Swines snouts*, where they onely serve to root up the *Earth*, and delve in the *Dirt*. *Common*, *Rustick*, and *Plebeian* spirits fitted by the *hardnesse* of their *Nature*, to dig and plow the ground, these are the *Out-labourers* of Gods great *Houſhold*, who by the greatnesse of their *Necessary* *Dudgery*, take off much of the *Burthen* from the more *refined* sort of *Mankind*. The *Gentleman* God has chosen to be as it were the *steward* of his *Family*, and *Guardian* to his *Church*: and therefore in all *Prudence* and *Gratitude* he ought to endeavour

endeavour, a due discharge of so great a *trust*. No *Loyterer*, much lesse a *Spend-thrift*, can be a member of *his* Family, we know the certain wages of such *unfaithful servants*. He then that thinks himself exempted from all that hardship, which many others by a *laden soul* and an *iron bodie*, besides the course usage of an *unkind Fortune*, are *naturally* or *casually* sentenced to, takes a very *preposterous* course, when he arrogates to himself a *licence* to do ill, or to do nothing. If the *Gentleman* would be valued above others, it is but reason, if we require him to make it appear, that he is of better *metal* than others, which is to be judged of, not by the *colour*, but *service*.

I would not see the *Gentlemans* soul sitting in his *beautiful bodie*, like a *breathlesse Idol of God* in a *Temple of Silver*, there to be *worship'd* by all, but do good to none. It is not fit it should be thought onely such a *fine gay* thing, as is sometimes by the choicest of *Natural endowments* and *Artificial accomplishments*, embellished into something more then ordinary, or *burnish'd* over into such a slight *superficial glesse*, as may make it, as well as his *bodie*, admired and gazed upon

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by a few ignorant worldlings. Neither should it be his business to get his *Bodie* alwaies *New-moulded* to the varying humours of the *Court*, and *trick'd up* in all the late invented *Gauderies*, gorgeous *Accoutrements*, and gingling *Trappings*, wherewith the *Levitie* of *Art* has made bold to overload and abuse the modesty of *Honest Nature*. He that has no *Nobler* a *Soul* or *Bodie* then these, may still be no more than a meer *Carcasse*, such as, if it expresse any motion, seems rather to be actuated by the multitude of crawling *vermine* within it, sprung from its own *corruption*, then by a true *rational soul* inspired by *God Almighty*. All the sale of *Wit* and *Ingenuitie* which such a person usually so much brags of, will not be enough to preserve so *putrid* a Lump from *stinking* above ground.

In a word, Sir, the true gentleman will labour so to qualifie his *soul*, that he may be disposed to do a *service* to his *God*, in some proportion answerable to those several *tokens* of *favour* and *Honour*, whereby he has so *blest* and graced him in the eye of the world: Seeing *God* has been pleas'd to advance him some degrees above the
multitude;

multitude, he takes care to raise his *soule* too to that spiritual *height* and *pitch* of true *Piety* and *Holinesse*, that when thus advanced in *outward* dignity, he may not seem a *Dwarf* on *Horseback*.

And because the *Common Gifts* of the most *Bountifull Nature* will not put a man into a capacity of performing his part to the full in such an employment, much lesse with *Idlenesse* and *Negligence*: It should be every *Gentlemans* care in his *Youth* to give and resign himself wholly up with all his *pleasures* and *Interests*, to the *Care* of his *Soul*; that so by the *Prudent Industry* of a *Learned* and *godly Instructor*, seconded with his own *Indefatigable pains* and *patience*, he may have his *golden parts* made truly *bright*, and be, as it were *midwifed afresh* unto such a *perfection*, that he may not, by the *low* and *beggerly* condition of a *rude* and *Ignorant Soul*, be a *discredit* to his *Lord*, or a *Scandal* to that *calling* he professeth. God delights in *Honourable*, though not in *proud attendants*; and although he is many times pleased to fill up his *house*, and make up the number of his *Family*, with those who have not been very much befriended either

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by nature in a noble birth, or by Fortune in a plentiful and prosperous life; yet doth he long to see his Religion graced and credited, with a long train of such as the King hath delighted to honour.

And (blessed be God!) the care of our Ancestors has been such, that we want not Nurseries both of Learning and Piety in this nation; such as may afford a breeding to our young Gentry not unsuitable to their Quality and intended employment. It is my hearty prayer, that these may never be unstocked with such hopesfull and generous Plants, as may there grow and thrive, till they arrive at that Maturity both of grace and good Literature, as well as of Years, that they may in due time become, not onely strong, but also curiously polished Pillars for the support of those two glorious Fabricks of Church and State. That, as by the special Indulgence of God they were Honourably born; so by his special Grace too, they may indeed live, both truly profitable to his Saints here, and as truly glorious with them hereafter.

Thus (Sir) have I done my best to obey your Commands; and, as largely and fully,

as

as a little *time*, lesse *leisure*, and yet fewer *abilities* would give me leave; I have given you my present *thoughts* and *wishes* concerning our *English Gentlemen*. I have sent you (I fear) a very little *Kernel* in a large *Shell*; but now you have it, you may chuse whether you will take the pains to *crack* it, or throw it into the *fire*. Whatever it be that here you receive, as *your Commands* gave it *birth*, and *my Confidence* of your *goodnesse*, has taught it to *speak* and go *abroad*; so does it now *submissively* expect your *sentence*, whether of *life* or *death*. Do what you will with all the *rest*, so you do but vouchsafe to read thus much in it, that I am—Sir,

*Your most humble and
obedient Servant.*



THE END.